

MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

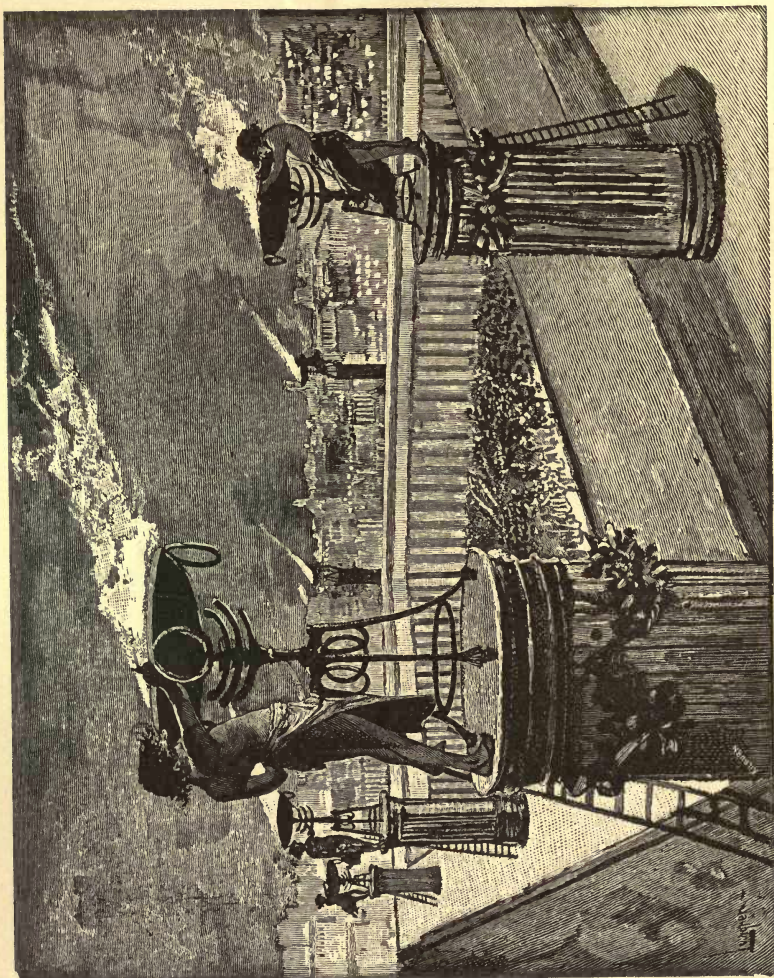


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AT THE HARVEST CELEBRATION. — EIGHT GREAT LIGHTS BLAZE OVER THE CITY.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Author of "The Prayers of History," "Zig-Zag Journeys," etc.

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TO THE MEMORY OF
J. ASTOR BROAD,

AUTHOR OF
THE AMERICAN CANTATAS "RUTH" AND "JOSEPH,"

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND.

BESIDE THE ORGAN.

I.

The organ rose mute in its garments of sable,
And silent beside it the Master lay dead;
There were harps of white lilies on altar and table,
And crosses, art-broken, that faint perfume shed.
The Mayflowers' breath on the sobbing air trembled,
And fast fell the tears that affection had won,
Then the preacher spake low to the weepers assembled —
"He is only remembered for what he has done."

II.

The casket, that over the Rhine and the ocean
Had borne the frail form, with white roses was spread;
And 'neath the great organ that erst to emotion
The master had wakened, it prisoned the dead.
Here, here where he toiled, was his last journey ended,
The journey unconscious of shadow or sun;
And sweetly the words of the preacher ascended —
"He is only remembered for what he has done."

III.

He gave to the world — 'twas the best he could render —
A spirit of beauty, a spirit of love;
To each trust he was true, to each need he was tender,
And his wing swiftly passed to the brightness above.
He lived for his Art, as the child for the mother;
He used it for God, like a dutiful son.
He died, and a thousand hearts wept for a brother,
Yet only remembered for what he had done.

PREFACE.

Since the year 1850 music has made wonderful progress in America. It has become a part of common education. The best music is sought. The great tone-poets have become the daily companions of our young people. The inspirations of Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Auber, Berlioz, are familiar in every cultivated home.

To understand the song, we must know the singer. To love the inspiration, we must know the heart that received it. To fully sympathize with a great musical work, we must be put into sympathy with the author, and learn something of the experience that led him into the ways divine where he heard the Voice say unto him "Write!"

It is the aim of this little book to present, in a popular way, the most important and picturesque incidents of the history of music and of the lives of some of its best composers and interpreters. It is hoped that these incidents, many of which are in themselves the flowers and poems of biography, may lead the young reader to take up the best biographies of the great composers, and make them a part of his education. He will find such works essential to the cultivation of a pure taste and a most important help to his musical intelligence. He will thus be guided in his own work by the best examples and models.

In the early days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and hidden part —
For the *gods* see everywhere.



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LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES.

I.—JUBAL, AND THE HEBREW ORATORIOS.



HANDEL and Haydn Society, Boston, numbers about one thousand voices. We are told that eight thousand children greeted George III. with the National Anthem on the occasion of the thanksgiving for the king's recovery from insanity, and that ten thousand voices

sometimes sing at the great Sunday-school festivals in London. The chorus at the last Peace Jubilee held

in Boston consisted of some seventeen thousand trained singers, accompanied by several hundred instruments.

These great modern choruses excite our wonder, but they are small in numbers when compared with the Hebrew choirs.

There were made four thousand musical instruments for the Temple service. No modern chorus ever had an accompaniment like that.

We cannot tell when music began.

The Bible speaks of the mysterious ages when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

In the early patriarchal age people had learned to sing, for we are told that Laban under certain circumstances might have sent Jacob away "with songs, with tabret, and with harp" (Gen. xxxi. 26, 27).

The ancient legend is that the wind, making sweet tones amid the reeds of the Nile, first taught mankind the art of music and the use of musical instruments.

So at least began the organ. The horns of animals at a very early age were used for loud instruments. According to the Septuagint version of the book of

Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar employed many kinds of music in his noble city: the Syrx (pipes of Pan), "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer." All of these instruments were used by the early nations.

Before the Deluge there arose a wonderful family devoted to the arts. The father was Lamech, who was a poet. He had two wives, Adah and Zillah. Josephus says that he had seventy-seven sons, and that one of his daughters, Naamah, became such a famous singer that all the world "wondered" after her; thus showing that people in those early times were not greatly different in this respect from the world to-day.

Lamech had three wonderful sons:

Jabal, "the father of such as dwell in tents," the first architect.

Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," the first scientific inventor.

Jubal, "the father of such as handle the harp and organ."

Egyptian antiquity is full of the praise of music. The Hebrews learned the use of new instruments there. Miriam sang in triumph when Pharaoh was

overthrown, and her song is one of the noblest of early Hebrew history.

Shepherds played the pipe under the shady trees by cool wells of water. The organ, a few reeds arranged for the mouth, was played to picturesque groups about the tents. The cymbal was used on occasions of triumph, and the harp at the festivals.

So music arose and the love of it grew. Then appeared David, the shepherd boy, with the divine art glowing within him.

He wrote sacred cantatas, inspired oratorios, for such the Psalms were. He arranged the music for the national festivals, and organized the greatest choirs and choruses the world has ever seen.

His first great oratorio was probably written for the occasion of the triumphal procession that brought the ark to Zion. We are told :

"All Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord with shouting, and with sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and harps."

Asaph led the choirs; and one of the majestic chorals on the occasion is recorded in 1 Chron. xvi.

Another psalm has been thought to belong to this occasion, and indicates how dramatic such occasions must have been. Approaching the holy city, or one of its holy places, the procession, with its festival decorations, numerous musicians and glittering priests, is supposed to have paused at the gates. Inside of the gates, a great choir is believed to have chanted :

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.”

Presently the grand procession, or their leaders, exclaim :

“Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?”

To which the waiting priests make answer as in Psalm xxiv.

Then the halting procession shout forth :

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.”

The priests on the inside of the gates ask :

“Who is the King of glory?”

To which the people respond :

"The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

At the close of the sacred cantata the gates were opened.

It is not certain this was the time and manner of the cantata, but it is given this place and an arrangement like this in tradition, and the dialogue suggests such an occasion.

The preparations for the building of the temple prepared the way for the grandest choral services the world has ever heard. The choirs of Asaph and of Korah were formed. The skilled musicians were divided into twenty-four sections of twelve each, and the most lofty and devout poems were composed by David for the Asaphian and Korahite choirs. Eleven psalms were dedicated to the choir of Korah: 42, 44-49, 84, 85, 87, 88. When all the Levites joined in the chorus at the great festivals and the people responded, when the priests moved on in stately procession amid the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals, and paused amid the sweet tones of psalteries and harps, the scene must have been most sublime.

But how magnificent must have been the choral service in the temple in the days of Solomon and Hezekiah! Read the description of the musical service in II. Chronicles v. 11-14. The two great Hallel's were now arranged. The Egyptian Hallel consisted of Psalms CXIII-CXVIII. It was sung at the Passover. Psalms CXV. and CXVI. were sung at the last cup of the Passover, and this is supposed to have been the hymn that Christ and his disciples sang at the institution of the Lord's Supper.

The scene of the great musical jubilees was the Feast of Tabernacles. It was the Harvest Feast. For a week the Jewish nation dwelt in Jerusalem in booths made of evergreens and beautifully decorated with fruits and flowers. On this occasion the great Hallel was sung. It consisted of Psalms CXXIII. to CXXXVI. Lulabs made of twigs of the willow were waved during the singing of the choruses. Thousands of priests and hundreds of thousands of people united in the praise. In the midst of the oratorio, water was drawn from the pool of Siloam, and the priests in a gorgeous procession ascended to the high altar and poured it out before the people. It

was at this feast that Christ said, "*I am the water of life.*"

After the return from the captivity, Psalm CVII. was the text of the great oratorio; and after the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus the Feast of Lights became a part of the Harvest celebration.

How animated must have been the scene at this musical festival on the approach of night, when the Feast of Lights was to be celebrated! Let us imagine the scene. In the green booths that cover the housetops, courts of the city, and near hillsides, all is preparation. Golden lamps, like basins, glimmer high above the open court of the temple. They are filled with oil, and the wicks are the cast-off garments of the priests.

The purple twilight loses its warmth and glow, and it becomes cool and dark. Up light ladders go the acolytes to the golden basins, and presently eight great lights blaze over the city. At the same time the thousands of evergreen booths are lighted, and all the city seems to burst into flame. Men dance to jubilant music in the court of women, tossing flambeaux into the air. Gamaliel, the grave doctor of the law, is said to have been a most skilful dancer

on such occasions, and to have most dextrously used the flambeau in his movements. Each man danced independently, to strains of music that proclaimed the bountiful gifts of the harvest.

Midnight comes. The Feast of Lights is a blaze of glory; the music dies away in the air. The people rest. Another cantata will be performed on the morrow. Trumpets will hail the red light of morning, and viols the purple of evening.

Such were the great Hebrew oratorios.

We but imperfectly know how the Hebrew music was written or arranged. But we may be certain that composers who could write such sublime poetry as the Psalms, were not unskilful in producing musical effects.

The early musicians had no names by which to distinguish musical notes. The notes were commonly expressed by the titles given to the strings of the lyre. The middle string, among the Greeks, was called *mese*, and represented the key-note. So in ancient music we find the names of strings very nearly corresponding to notes at the present time.

For example, take the Greek lyre:

- d, *Nete* — shortest string.
 c, *Paranete* — second.
 b, *Paramese* — third.
 a, *Mese* — middle.
 g, *Lichanos* — forefinger string.
 f, *Parhypate* — next to longest.
 e, *Hypate* — longest.

The letters indicating the string are found over the syllables of Greek poetry for the lyre. For example, using English words and letters instead of Greek, to make clear the illustration:

a	b	c	d	a	b
Sing,	O	muse,	dear	to	me.

d	c	b	a
My	song	lead	thou.

It will be asked, Is the Hebrew music still preserved? We shall speak of this subject again in the chapter on the Music of the Early Church.

II. — TERPANDER AND THE LYRE OF GREECE.

NEARLY a thousand years before Christ, there appeared in Greece, according to the ancient traditions which were often half fact, half fable, a most enchanting player upon the cithara — the Greek guitar — named Arion. Like all artists of these early times he was supposed to be descended from the gods. He was the inventor of dithyrambic poetry, as the festal songs of Bacchus are called.

He was beloved by Apollo, the god of music. On one occasion he went to Sicily to engage in a musical contest in one of the airy temples of that flowery and sun-flooded isle. He won the prize, was crowned victor and loaded with gifts. While returning to Corinth elated with his triumph, he was attacked by the sailors, who told him they were about to murder

him in order to secure the gifts that had been bestowed upon him in Sicily.

"Grant me a single request," said Arion.

The sailors promised to respect the request if it were possible.

"Let me once more seek delight in playing upon the cithara and in song."

He put on his festal attire, and, taking the lyre, went to the prow of the ship. He began to play a passionate air, invoking Apollo for aid. The sailors listened as though held by a spell. Dolphins came near the ship and followed the sound of the music. Suddenly Arion threw himself into the sea, and one of the song-loving dolphins received him on its back and bore him to the shores of Corinth. Arion and his lyre were placed among the stars by the mythologists, and the story made sacred to the Greeks the instrument which had so wonderfully won the favor of Apollo.

According to Ovid, Apollo built the walls of Troy by enchantment: he played the lyre, and the walls arose about the new city as if by magic, and stood in the clear air forever sacred to heroes and to art.

The Greek lyre was a kind of harp or guitar. It was first made of the tortoise shell with strings. It is said that once, when the Nile, after overflowing its banks, had receded and left many dead and dried tortoises upon the land, that Mercury chanced to strike his foot against a shell, which sent forth such a sweet sound that he made of it a lyre.

The number of strings of the first lyres was three; these were increased with the development of musical art. The shell also gave place to elegant and graceful frames made to represent fruits, flowers, birds, animals and divinities.

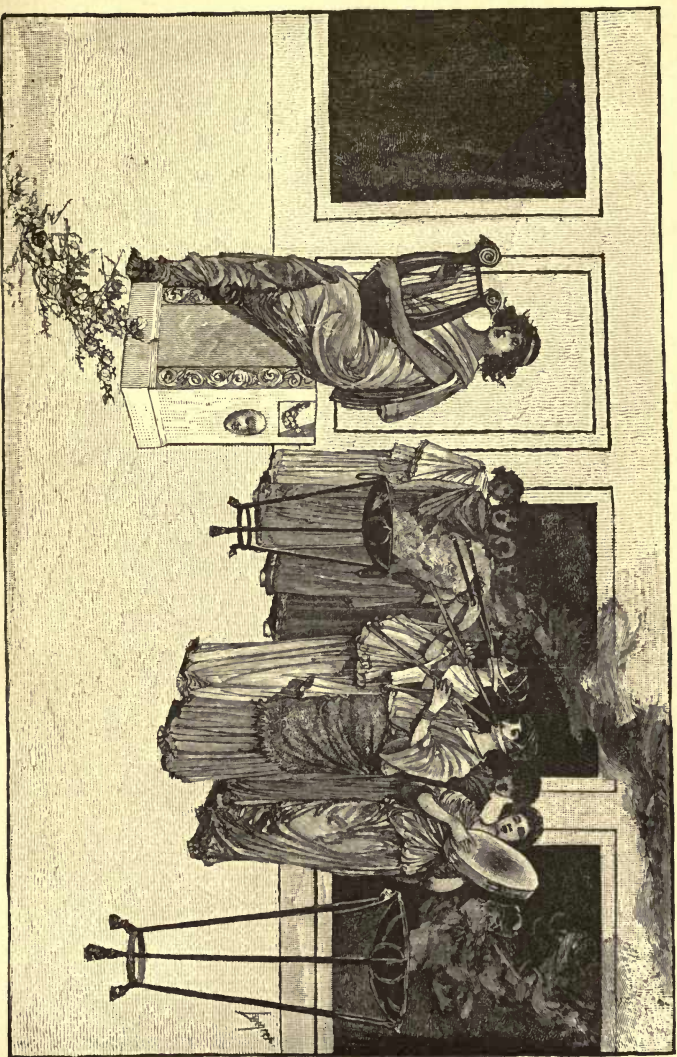
The lyre of Orpheus, in form a harp, had seven strings. This was the lyre of Terpander, of whom we shall presently speak. Soon followed the pipes of Pan, a reed instrument for the mouth. The pipes of Pan, a bunch of reeds or pipes bound together, were the first organs, as the three-stringed lyres were the first pianos. What is a piano but a harp in a box? and the lyre of Mercury was really a simple harp.

In the preceding chapter we described the great Hebrew oratorios. Greek music was wholly different from the Hebrew, and was arranged for another

kind of poetry. The orchestra consisted of the lyre, flute and pandean pipes and the trumpet. It was used to accompany the recitation of poetry.

The poem was chanted or intoned. It was called lyric because accompanied by the lyre. The recitation was introduced by instruments, and was interspersed with sweet interludes of pipes and reeds, and made dramatic at the proper places by the sounding of trumpets and noble choruses. The odes of Pindar were written for the lyre, and those of Anacreon and Sappho were so sung.

The poems were chanted in immense theatres and temples, the ruins of which still remain. They consisted of hymns to the gods, songs in the praise of heroes, ballads of love, and long descriptive narratives of history. Even the tragedies of Sophocles were presented with musical accompaniments. The epics of Homer were sung by the rhapsodists, the impassioned singers of ancient Greece, to the music of the cithara. Homer was the Shakspeare of Greece, and only the greatest masters of music were able to chant his poems, as only the greatest masters of eloquence are able to present Shakspeare to-day.



SINGING A POEM OF HOMER.

How entertaining must have been the stories of Homer chanted to the music of the lyre!

Let us fancy the scene of the first great triumph of musical art in Greece in that far dim period nearly seven centuries before the Christian era.

It is a gala day at Sparta, the Feast of Apollo Carneius. The city is the home of heroes. At the feast there is to be a musical contest, and a new musician is about to appear. Like David when he came to Saul, the new competitor comes from the fields. He was born at Antissa, where the grave of Orpheus was shown, and where nightingales were said most sweetly to sing.

Crowds gather and flit hither and thither among the forest of airy columns; but presently all is hushed in silence at the first sweet tones of the lyre. One contestant after another sings and plays; then appears the young minstrel of Antissa. He touches his wondrous seven-stringed lyre: music comes forth such as the world has never heard before, new tones, new chords, new and wondrous notes to eternally harmonize with song. The gay throng is swayed, enchanted and enraptured. The minstrel is crowned

victor, and he resolves to live in Sparta and to establish a new school of music there. He was the inventor of the heptachord, and the first to arrange words to music and set the poems of Homer to the lyre. He was the father of Greek music — Terpander.

The period of the Greek lyre lasted nearly one thousand years. Lyric poetry declined in Greece to arise in Rome. St. Paul is thought to have quoted from Menander, the Greek lyrist, and Virgil dedicated his wonderful Fourth Eclogue, called the "Pollio," which so mysteriously seems to prophesy of Christ, to the muse of Apollo so soon to pass away. With the coming of Christianity the reed succeeded the cord, the organ the harp, and melody and harmony the Greek rhapsody.

III.—ST. AMBROSE AND THE MUSIC OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

IT was Easter Sunday in Milan, April 25th, 387. The gardens were bursting into bloom; the songs of nightingales were still heard in the fragrant air of the early dawn.

Lights shone in the cathedral, while the rosy hues of the early morning were flushing the sky. At sunrise, throngs of people hurried through the street to celebrate the festival of the Resurrection.

There was to be a baptism in the church that day, and among the catechumens, as the candidates for the joyful rite were called, was a convert from heathenism, false philosophy and infidelity. He had been a dissipated youth, and his mother, whose name was Monica, had prayed for his conversion for many years.

The church was famous for its music—it was

known as the Singing Church of Milan. Its bishop was St. Ambrose, now venerable. He was a gifted musician, as well as an eloquent and persuasive preacher, and he is said to have composed an anthem for this Easter baptism that expressed his own gratitude and the convert's joy. If the old tradition be true, he and the new convert were to sing it together.

Thus begins the glorious chant :

*“ Te Deum laudamus,
Te Dominum confetemur !*

Te æternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur !

*Tibi omnes angeli,
Tibi cæli et universæ potestates,
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim,
Incessabili voce proclamant,*

Sanctus !

Sanctus !

Sanctus !

Dominus Deus Sabaoth !

Pleni sunt cæli et terra majestatis gloriæ tuæ !”

A jubilant strain follows this noble opening, thus rendered in English :

“ The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee,
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee,
The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,
The holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge Thee,

CHANTING THE EASTER HYMN.



The Father, of an infinite majesty,
Thine adorable, true and only Son,
And the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

The great anthem from which these extracts are made is called the Ambrosian Chant, or the *Te Deum*. In old English prayer-books, it is attributed to St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. Its origin and development are, however, somewhat involved in doubt. Still, St. Ambrose, the Bishop of the Singing Church, was, doubtless, the author of a portion of it, as it now appears.

The early Church doubtless used the Hebrew chants of the temple service in their worship. The Romans derived their music from the Greek, which, as we have shown, consisted of intoned poetry with the accompaniment of the lyre. St. Ambrose united the two methods, and gave the Church the beauties of both. To him is attributed the arrangement of antiphonal or responsive psalms for the Christian Church.

"You unduly influence people's minds by singing," said one to him.

"A grand thing is this singing," answered the

bishop, "and nothing can stand before it. What can be more telling than that confession of the Trinity which a whole population utters, day by day!"

St. Augustine says of the music of the church of Milan,—

"How did I weep, O Lord, on hearing thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy well-attuned Church! The voices sank into my ears, and the truths distilled into my heart."

The chants thus established by St. Ambrose continued in use until the time of Pope Gregory the Great. He improved them, introduced four new tones, and wrote a solemn musical composition which is now known as the Gregorian Chant. It is still sung by the Catholic Church, and is used by the English and Eastern Church during Lent. Several hymn tunes found in all the best collections of music, among them "*Olmütz*" and "*Hamburg*," are evolved from it. In Europe, the organist gives it a peculiar stateliness and grandeur by playing a tone or half tone in advance of the singing.

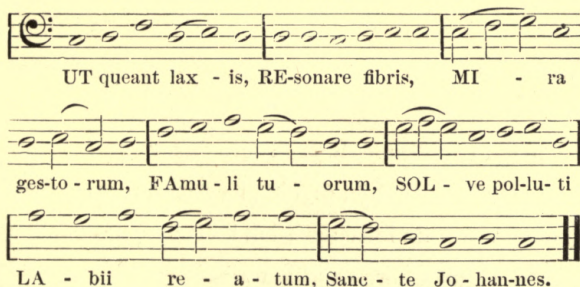
These early chants were founded on music as old

as King David. They were modulations of sweet tones sung in unison. Until some five hundred years ago, no compositions of four parts had appeared. Counterpoint did not exist, and it was not until about the year 678 that musical instruments began to be commonly used in churches, at which time Pope Vitalian admitted the organ. Music was learned principally by hearing.

Greek music consisted of scales of only four sounds. The scale was called the tetrachord. The sounds were repeated from tetrachord to tetrachord, as we repeat ours from octave to octave.

About the year 1000 an Italian monk named Guido was listening to the performance of a hymn to St. John. We give the hymn and the music :

HYMN TO ST. JOHN.



UT queant lax - is, RE-sonare fibris, MI - ra

ges-to - rum, FA-mu - li tu - orum, SOL - ve pol-lu - ti

LA - bii re - a - tum, Sanc - te Jo - han-nes.

The recitation of the words of this hymn, and the frequent returns of *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, made an impression upon his mind and haunted him. They suggested to him the converting of tetrachords into hexachords, or four sounds into six. It was a wonderful invention, and the fame of it flew over Europe. Guido was invited to Rome by the Pope, and he there taught the Holy Father to sing a *tune*. Guido was the inventor of what is now known as the *scale*. The French afterwards added the syllable *si* to the notation. Sacred music was still further improved by Palestrina.

If music in the early Church was not the glorious art it is now, if the organ was once a few reeds, and the piano a light harp, the sacred poetry and hymns of the early Church are hardly equalled by those of the present time. Nothing more noble than the *Te Deum* has ever been written by the uninspired pen.

Take, for example, the following hymn of St. Anatolius (458). Note its dignity, its strength, its perfect literary work, its lofty devotion ! It is a production worthy of the Church and her mission :

PEACE.

I.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white:
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh,
Then saith the God of Gods
"Peace — it is I!"

II.

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of Lights,
"Peace — it is I!"

III.

Jesus, deliverer!
Come thou to me!
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace — it is I!"

In the Ambrosian Chant, the Gregorian Chant, the invention of the scale, and the work of Palestrina, one may see sacred music slowly tending towards the grand oratorio. At the same time the organ was being improved and new musical instruments were invented.

IV.—HANDEL, THE FATHER OF THE ORATORIO.



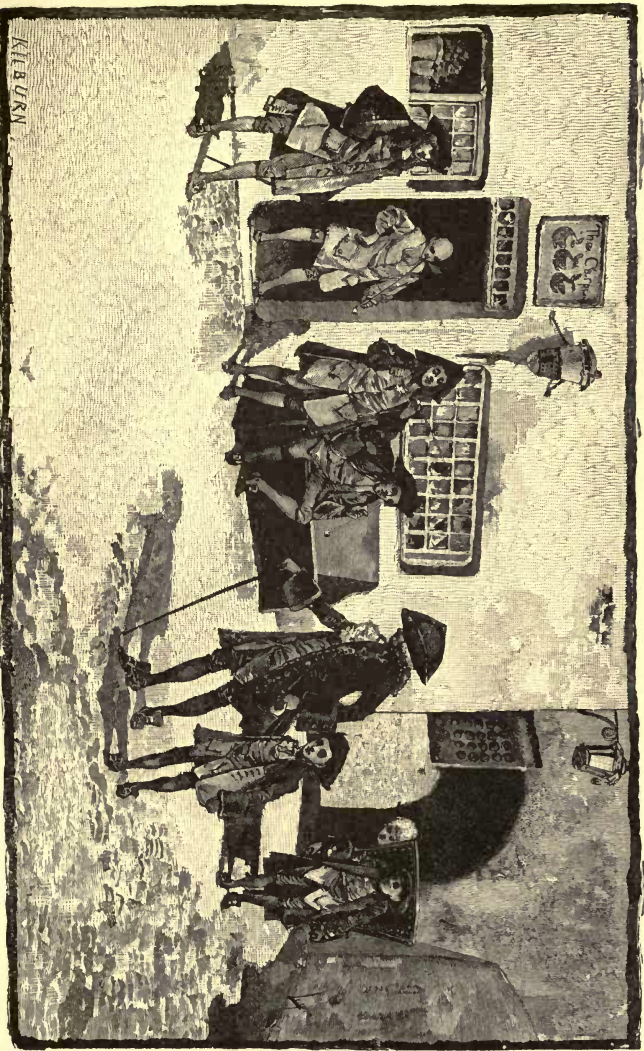
GEORGE FREDERICK
HANDEL.

THREE wonderful men they were: Handel, the father of the oratorio; Haydn, the symphony poet, and his beloved pupil, Mozart. The lives of these men, who are the Homer, Dante and Shakespeare of

music, read like romances, and the charm begins with their childhood. But before we can intelligently introduce to you these great masters of musical art, we must give you a view of the growth of music after Ambrose had arranged sweet singing for the famous church at Milan.

Before the sweet symphony, the classic overture or the grand oratorio were possible, as we to-day understand them, great progress in musical invention had to be made. *Counterpoint*, the beautiful art of consonant or allowably discordant sounds — the soprano, alto, tenor and bass of the common form of music — began to be understood in the middle ages; and about the year 1450, the parts were increased to six — bass, baritone, tenor, contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano.

About the end of the fourteenth century, just before the era of scientific music, viols came into great demand. They were made in many shapes, some very graceful and beautiful. A family by the name of Amati, at Cremona, manufactured a wonderful kind of viol, now known as the violin. Stradinarius, a pupil of this family, brought the instrument to perfection, and made it such an interpreter of human feeling that it became the soul of the orchestra. It was found that all sounds of nature, and every expression of emotion and passion, could be imitated by this marvellous instrument, and that even suggestions of fancy could be conveyed by it to refined and susceptible natures. The discovery of the violin seemed



THE BLIND HANDEL.

like the creation of a new order of beings in the musical world. It was a fairy, a siren, a magic influence, an imp, an angel. A violin brought a fortune. Kings became enamored of it, and lost their wits, and the musicians who yielded to its seductive influence seemed bereft of all other ambition than to test its limitless resources.

We have shown how the reeds of the Nile in Egypt were developed into the Pipes of Pan in Greece. The simple Pipes of Pan became organ pipes in Italy, and, lo, Germany produces the grand organ. The lyre became a harp, the harp a dulcimer, the dulcimer a citole, the citole a clavichord, the clavichord a virginal, the virginal a spinet, and the spinet a harpsichord, or piano.

Old-time instruments were improved, new wind instruments were invented; and now, with the art of counterpoint brought to perfection, with the violin, the harpsichord and the grand pipe organ, the world is ready for the great masters of music to appear. First among them, the leader of the great host of tone poets, came George Frederick Handel.

He was born at Halle, Lower Saxony, on the

pleasant banks of the Saale. The child had a soul formed for music. A musical sound filled him with happiness.

His father, Dr. Handel, noticed this love of music with sorrow. "Music," he once said, "is a fine *amusement*, but as an *occupation* it hath little dignity ; its object is nothing but mere entertainment and pleasure."

The boy's chief delight was to play the instruments found in the Doctor's home. The Doctor forbade him the use of any instrument for practice, and insisted that he should not be taken to concerts. There was a dumb spinet, a sort of muffled piano, in the garret of the house, and to this little Handel hastened whenever his father was engaged or was out of doors. In the garret the child taught himself to play.

One day Father Handel set out in his carriage to visit a son in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. He had gone but a little way when he heard little George calling after him, "Let me go, too." The Doctor stopped the carriage and took him in.

Soon after the Doctor's arrival wonderful music was heard in the chapel of the ducal palace. It was a little boy who was playing.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the Duke.

"Little Handel of Halle," answered the performer.

"Bravo!" said the Duke.

Then turning to the angry Doctor, he said, "The boy has genius, and you do wrong to repress it. Let him become a musician."

Soon after this episode the delighted boy was placed under the best musical instructors. Music now absorbed him. He aspired to learn every form of the art, to play all instruments, and to make himself the master of every variety of musical composition and to improve each in its turn. With this purpose taxing all his energies, he passed a stainless youth, and was capable of great undertakings in music in early manhood.

At the age of twenty-one he went to Florence, beautiful Florence! thence to Venice to see the carnival, and thence to celebrate Easter at Rome. The beauties of Italy inspired him to write, but his compositions at this time were largely musical tragedies. He returned to Germany in 1709, and connected himself with the court of George of Brunswick.

He was invited to England. His coming was a triumph. He was sung in the streets, played on all the bands; his name was the first in every musical assembly, and his compositions made fortunes for the publishers.

To one of the music dealers who became much enriched by the sale of one of his works, he said,

“My friend?”

“Well.”

“The *next* time, *you* shall compose the music of the work, and *I* will sell it.”

In his successes in London he quite forgot George of Hanover. But the stupid elector did not forget him. When good Queen Anne died, George came to England to fill the empty throne, and he forbade Handel to appear at court, as punishment for having deserted the court at Hanover.

One day the king went down the river in his barge of state. It was a gay scene: flags were in the air, and the beautiful boat was hailed on every hand by the craft on the smooth-flowing tide. A boat came after the barge, and some musicians in it struck up a barcarolle.

"Listen to the beautiful water-music?" said the royal oarsmen.

"Handel's!" each one whispered.

King George knew it was Handel's, but he was charmed in spite of his prejudices. He soon sent for Handel, and, that he might have no excuse for running away from the English court, he bestowed upon him an ample pension. The reconciliation of the King of England and the King of Music filled London with joy. Houses were illuminated and cannon were fired.

In the middle ages there had been miracle plays in the churches, similar to those still enacted at Ober Ammergau. They were a kind of scriptural object-teaching before books came into common use. These were in time followed by the opera and the oratorio. The operas related historic stories in music, and the oratorios presented sacred narratives and themes. Handel wrote operas and oratorios almost without number. They were very popular at the time they appeared, though most of them that were composed before he was fifty years of age are now forgotten.

Thirty years of musical composition was preparing him for the grandest works that ever came from a musician's pen. Handel would write only on the noblest themes. His love of ennobling music grew with years. At the age of fifty-four he produced *Saul*. The "Dead March in Saul" is still played on most solemn public occasions. It was soon followed by *Israel in Egypt*, with its terrific "hailstone chorus."

THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

That was a notable day in Dublin, Ireland, when, on the 13th of April, 1742, at mid-day, a great crowd of people assembled to hear a new oratorio by Handel, called *The Messiah*. Handel loved the Irish, and he had written this oratorio expressly for them.

"Our prisons are filled with prisoners for debt," said the people of Dublin to the great composer. "Give us a concert, and let the proceeds go for the opening of prison doors."

Handel's heart was open to the appeal. He wrote in England *The Messiah* for the great occasion. During its composition his soul seemed filled with inspirations from on high. Once, when speaking of his

frame of mind while writing the "Hallelujah Chorus," he said :

" I did think I saw all heaven before me, and the great God himself."

The triumph of the new oratorio was complete. Nothing so grand in music had ever been heard before. The ladies of Dublin agreed to leave their hoops at home to make more room in the hall. When King George II. heard the "Hallelujah Chorus," he forgot himself, and leaped to his feet. The audience followed the example of the king. It has ever since been the custom for audiences to rise and stand with bowed heads during the rendering of this stupendous and overwhelming production of musical art.

" You have given the audience an excellent *entertainment*," said a patronizing nobleman to Handel at the close of the first performance of *The Messiah* in London.

" My lord," said the grand old composer, " I should be sorry if I had only *entertained* them. I wish to *make them better*."

He became blind in his old age. He selected

the organ for King's Chapel, Boston, after he had lost his sight. A boy used to lead him about and conduct him to his own organ, where he was still a king.

"I desire to die on Good Friday," he said, "for that was the day my Lord entered Paradise."

And so it came to pass.

On his monument in Westminster Abbey is inscribed:

"Died on Good Friday, April 14, 1759."

Judas Maccabeus is the favorite work of Handel with English choral societies; but *The Messiah* is the Christmas anthem of the world, and the highest attainment of musical art. "Comfort ye," "O thou that bringest good tidings," "His name shall be called wonderful," "He was despised," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the sweet "Pastoral Symphony," recalling the angels' song on the plains of Bethlehem, and the overpowering and triumphant "Hallelujah Chorus," are strains for all time; the work, indeed, seems like the very advent of the Messiah himself into the world of song.

Washington Allston once said that "no one could become the greatest possible artist without living a pure life. Nature," he added, "does not reveal herself in her noblest aspects to one whose mind is clouded by any grossness of character." Handel was an upright man, and allowed no evil habits to hinder the highest success of his art. He did not write for money, and when he received large sums he gave much of it to the poor. His powers grew, and his subjects ever took a higher range, until, in the luminous twilight of a noble life, he produced a work that has the inspiration of a prophet, and that we can almost believe approaches the seraphic anthems.

V.—HAYDN AND MOZART.



MOZART.

THE friendships of musicians would be pleasing matter for a book. They have been often very unselfish, sympathetic and beautiful. Nothing could exceed Hay-

dn's admiration for Mozart.

"Mozart is running you down in England," wrote the nagging wife of Haydn to the great composer, hoping thereby to abate the ardor of his friendship.

"I cannot believe it," cried Haydn. "*If it be true, I will forgive him.*"

"I declare to you before God," said Haydn to the father of Mozart, "that your son is the greatest composer that ever lived." Long after Mozart's death he said, "I must ever, ever weep at the sound of his name."

Handel perfected the sacred cantata, thus producing the grand oratorio. Haydn improved orchestral music, and brought forth the golden-voiced symphony. He made music convey its meanings without words; to cause, as it were, the listener to see visions and dream dreams.

A full orchestra numbers nearly one hundred performers. Its instruments are: First violins, second violins, violas, violoncellos, double basses, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, bugles, serpents, cymbals, bells, drums. With these so arranged as to balance harmonious sound, the full organ and grand piano are often used, and the old-time harp sometimes appears in pianissimo or soft passages.

Orchestral music, improved by Haydn and Mozart, was made to produce most beautiful solo effects by Rossini; Paganini gave new charms to its concerted

violins, and Thalberg and Liszt to its harp or piano tones. It was further advanced by the writers of music for the full military bands.

Francis Joseph Haydn was born near Vienna in 1732. He therefore reached manhood when Handel's life was in its decline. Like Handel, he was a wonderful boy. His father was a coach-maker, but was very fond of the harp. His mother had been a servant. She loved to hear her husband play the harp when she would sit knitting by his side. Little Haydn would sometimes accompany his father on an imaginary fiddle made of two sticks.

The wooden performances were, however, the way of his success. A Hamburg schoolmaster who noticed them, also found that the boy, besides having the taste and passion for music, had a voice of wonderful sweetness, purity and power, and he took him to Hamburg to be educated. At the age of nine he had become the most admired choir-boy in the splendid church of St. Stephen in Vienna, and at the age of thirteen he tried to compose a mass.

When his voice changed in boyhood, he lost his place in the church, and became very destitute. A

poor woman gave him a home in her attic. After he was famous, he provided liberally for this woman, who became as needy in her old age as Haydn had been in his youth. At this period he also was engaged to a wig-maker's daughter, and he married her after he had become the companion of princes. The woman, however, proved a scold, and they agreed to live apart, he providing for her support.

At the age of twenty-eight Haydn composed his first symphony. It was a success, and demonstrated his genius to the world. Old Prince Esterhazy chanced to hear the symphony played by an orchestra when Haydn was present. He was told that the short, dark-faced young man before him was the author of the superb composition. "What! you don't mean to say that that little blackamoor composed *that* symphony!"

"Yes, Prince," said the conductor, and beckoning to Haydn.

"Little Moor," said the Prince, "I am Prince Esterhazy. What is your name?"

"Haydn."

"You shall enter my service. But you are too

short. You shall have high boots and red heels, that your appearance may correspond with your merit."

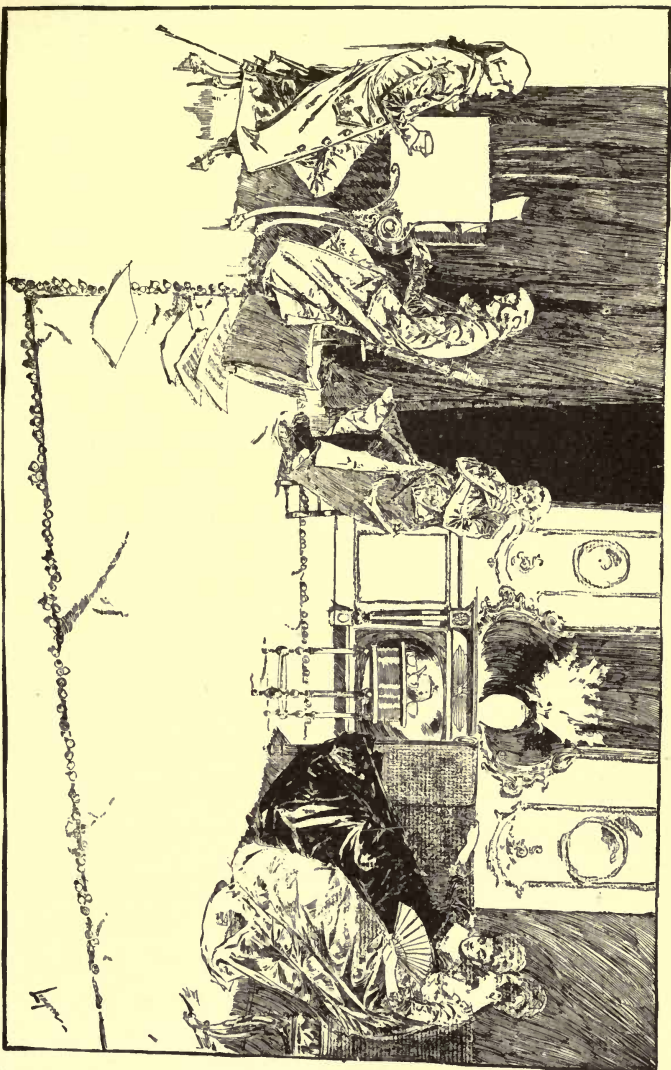
Haydn became one of the household of the music-loving family of Esterhazy. His salary was liberal, and Prince Nicholas Esterhazy became his intimate friend, and Haydn's life at Eisenstridt and in the Austrian capital lingered through many prosperous and happy years.

The fame of Mozart, the child-musician, at this time filled the world. Mozart had an affectionate nature; Haydn needed affection, and the meeting of the two sympathetic natures was the beginning of a friendship like that between a father and son.

"You and I together would not make one Haydn," said Mozart to a popular composer, who had criticised the works of the aging symphonist.

"I wish I could impress upon every friend of music," said Haydn, "the deep sympathy and profound appreciation which I feel for Mozart's inimitable music. Nations would vie to possess the jewel."

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the Raphael of musical art, the greatest musical prodigy



MOZART PLAYING FOR FRIENDS.

that ever lived, was born at Salzburg, 1756. He began to play the harpsichord at the age of three years. At the age of four he delighted his friends by his brilliant playing of minuets. At five he began to write music. At six he astonished the Emperor Francis I. at Munich by his masterly rendering of concertos on the harpsichord, and at seven his genius became the theme of musical circles all over Europe and of the music-loving courts.

He was a very sensitive child. He seemed to care for nothing but to practise music and to be loved. "Do you love me very much?" he would ask of those whom he himself loved. If he received an indifferent answer, his eyes would fill with tears. He was deeply attached to his father. "Next to God is papa," he said. A discord shocked him; the sound of a trumpet would almost throw him into convulsions.

He excited the admiration of nearly all the courts of Europe, but it did not make him vain. He heard the Sistine Chapel *Miserere* at Rome, a composition which no one was allowed to produce elsewhere, or even to copy. He carried the whole composition away in his mind and played it in his own room.

He had a deep sense of religion and religious duties. "I have such a sense of religion," he said, "that I will never do anything that I would not do before the whole world. Friends who have no religion cannot long be my friends."

Such was Mozart, the author of the grand masses of the Catholic Church, of almost innumerable minuets, concertos and sonatas, and of the great works, *Don Giovanni*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, and the *Magic Flute*.

In 1790, when Haydn was about leaving Vienna for an indefinite time, Mozart said, "We shall now doubtless take our last farewell." Mozart was then thirty-four years of age. Haydn was nearly sixty. They did not meet again, but it was Mozart and not Haydn who died in a short time after the separation.

The last days of Mozart were very sad. The valet of an Austrian nobleman came to him one day, dressed in black, and asked him to write a *requiem*, for which he promised a large price, but refused to tell for whom the composition was desired. Mozart was in ill health, and he imagined that the valet was an apparition from the unseen world, and that the

requiem was asked to warn him of death. "I am writing it for myself," he said. He died just after penning the last notes of this immortal work. "My task is done," he said. "The *Requiem*, my *Requiem*, is finished."

He was buried on a stormy December morning, amid snow and hail, in the burial ground of the poor, only one person following his body to the dreary and desolate place. So ended the applauses of courts, theatres, concert-rooms.

The life of Haydn is full of pleasing stories. We have room but for one :

A butcher in Vienna had a beautiful daughter, and he desired a minuet to be composed for her wedding. "I will apply to Haydn," he said. His friends ridiculed the plan. But the butcher appealed to the great composer of court music, and received the minuet. Haydn would only accept a trifle in payment ; but soon after he had put the gay music into the hands of the butcher, he was surprised to hear a crowd approaching his residence. The people were gayly dressed, and among them were the bridegroom and bride. Haydn went to the balcony, when

a band drew near and played his own brilliant minuet. Then the crowd opened and uncovered a strange-looking object. It was an *ox* decorated with garlands. "I have brought it to you, master Haydn," said the butcher, "in payment for the minuet."

"Long live Joseph Haydn!" shouted the people, again and again, "Long live Joseph Haydn!"

The assembly consisted of music-loving working people and tradespeople, who came to testify their appreciation of a man of genius who would compose a minuet for the wedding of one of their own number. The wedding music became known as the *Le Menuet du Bœuf*.

The composition of the symphony was Haydn's delight. In the course of his long life more than one hundred grand symphonies followed the success of the one that had made his fame and fortune. His works were hailed with delight in France, Spain and England. He was invited to England, and, as in the case of Handel, his going to London was a triumph. He was honored by lord mayors' feasts and royal visits, and associated with lords, dukes and the men of wit and genius of the time.

He returned to Vienna. It was heroic times — the armies of France were shaking the continent. Haydn loved Austria, and had written the national air, *God save the Emperor*. In 1775 he began his noblest work, the oratorio of *The Creation*. It was finished in 1798, and it carried his fame again over the world. His name was now the greatest in music. He composed *The Seasons*: then age crept on, and, full of years and honors, he died in May, 1809.

VI.—BEETHOVEN AND THE SYMPHONY.



BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN! The glorious Ninth Symphony" is echoed back at the mention of that name, as the "Hallelujah Chorus" rises in the imagination at the word Handel. Beethoven was the saddest of composers; morally, he ranks

among the greatest geniuses of his time, or of any age. He lived in his art; he gave all the energies of life to his work, and he preferred poverty rather than to lower the standard of art

by publishing any composition for mere popular effect.

The word symphony now implies an elaborate musical composition for the full orchestra ; and usually consists of several parts, as allegro, adagio, finale ; but in ancient music whenever the composition was in unison, it was called a symphony. The Pastoral Symphony in Handel's *Messiah* is popularly supposed to recall the angels' music over the plains of Bethlehem. The symphonies of Beethoven are among the most beautiful ever written.

Louis Van Beethoven the greatest composer of the nineteenth century, was born at Bonn on the Rhine, December 17, 1770. His father was a musician. Little Beethoven was compelled to learn music as though it were a task. He had an aversion to it because his friends sought to force it upon him. His father had sometimes to beat him before he would sit down to the piano. Yet when left to pursue it as a recreation he became absorbed in the art ; and he began to compose music at an early age.

At the very beginning of what promised to be a most brilliant public career, he became *deaf*. What

greater misfortune could fall to the lot of a musician? Milton, the poet, could not see the beautiful scenes of nature, and Beethoven could but imperfectly hear the sweet strains with which he charmed the ears of the world. He sometimes could not even hear the thunders of applause with which audiences greeted his own compositions.

He soon became as inwardly deaf to society as outwardly to the world of melodious sounds. He shunned rank, wealth and pleasure. In his aloofness he seemed proud and cold; but instead, he carried with him a heart that hungered for affection.

He was fond of the country, of the open air and of walking alone. In his walks he often became absorbed in composition. One of his pupils relates that one day when he accompanied him, the master began to mutter and sing in a strange way. He presently said, "A theme has just occurred to me for the last allegro of my sonata" (*Op.* 57).

When Beethoven reached home he ran to the piano and sat down without taking off his hat. The pupil seated himself in a corner, and there patiently waited. Beethoven seemed to forget him. Nearly

two hours passed, when the composer started up, and seeing his pupil still there, exclaimed, "I can give you no lesson to-day—I must *work!*"

As he could not hear himself play, or but imperfectly, his rendering of his own music could delight only his own inner sense. Says one :

"In the latter part of his life his playing was painful to those who heard it. . . . Sometimes he would lay his left hand flat upon the key-board, and thus drown in discordant noise the music to which his right hand was feelingly giving utterance."

When he found he must bid farewell to his hearing, he gave expression to these sad words : "As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came, I depart. How long have I been estranged from the echo of true joy! When, O my God, when shall I feel it again in the temple of nature and man? — Never!"

The deafness of Beethoven did not impair his usefulness. His very seclusion seemed to become a source of inspiration and strength, and one grand symphony after another flowed from his pen like the glowing prophecies of the ancient seers.

His brother died and left him the charge of his nephew. As Beethoven never married, all of his affection centred upon this boy. The young man became dissolute ; he failed to repay the debt of gratitude he owed ; and his heartlessness filled the last years of the composer with double sorrow. How sad to hear the great-hearted man say in the fulness of his grief, "I go to meet death with joy."

Although always poor, he was very generous. At a concert given in aid of the soldiers wounded at Hanan, he supplied the music and conducted the orchestra. He was offered payment for his services on the occasion. "Say," he writes, "that Beethoven never accepts anything when humanity is concerned."

In the afternoon of March 26, 1827, Beethoven, then fifty-seven years of age, was seized with his last mortal faintness. It was a cloudy day ; at evening the wind rose, and a thunder-storm burst over Vienna ; and while it was still raging, the earthly life of the composer came to a peaceable close.

A very beautiful story is told in Vienna of Beethoven's early life. A friend has given us a touching

version of it, in the form of a story, and we quote at some length from his manuscripts.

Some years ago I spent a few days in Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, and during my sojourn, I made the acquaintance of an old musician, who once intimately knew the great composer.

"You know," said he, one day, "that Beethoven was born in a house in the Rhein Gasse (Rhine street), but at the time I became acquainted with him, he lodged over a humble little shop in the Roemerplatz. He was then very poor, so poor that he only went out to walk at night, because of the dilapidated state of his clothing. Nevertheless, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink and books ; and notwithstanding his privations, he spent some happy moments there. He was not yet deaf, and could enjoy the harmony of his own compositions.

"One evening I chanced to call, hoping to persuade him to take a walk, and return with me to supper. I found him sitting at the window, by the moonlight, without fire or candle, his face concealed by his hands, and his whole frame shivering with cold.

He came out with me, but was dark and despairing, and refused all consolation.

“‘I hate the world,’ he said, with passion. ‘I hate myself. No one understands me, or cares about me; I have genius, and am treated like a pariah. I have a heart, and no one to love. I am miserable!’

“I made no reply. It was useless to dispute with Beethoven. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he relapsed into a sad silence. We crossed a dark narrow street near the gate of Coblenz. All at once he stopped.

“‘Hush!’ said he; ‘what is that?’

“Listening, I heard the faint tones of an old piano issuing from some house at a little distance beyond. It was a plaintive melody in triple time, and the performer gave great tenderness of expression. Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes. ‘It is taken from my *Symphony in F*,’ he said; ‘here is the house. Listen — how well it is played!’

“The house was small and humble, and a light glimmered through the chinks of the shutters. He paused to listen. In the middle of the finale, there

was a sudden interruption, silence for a moment, then a stifled voice was heard.

“‘I cannot go on. I can go no further this evening, Frederick.’

“‘Why, sister?’

“‘I scarcely know, unless because the composition is so beautiful that I feel incapable of doing justice to it. Oh, what would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice!’

“‘Ah, dear sister,’ replied Frederick; ‘one must be rich to procure that enjoyment. What is the use of regretting? We can scarcely pay our rent; why think of things beyond our reach?’

“‘You are right, Frederick; and yet when I am playing I long once in my life to hear good music well executed. But it is useless, it is useless!’

“There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of the last words. Beethoven looked at me. ‘Let us go in!’ he said abruptly.

“‘Go in?’ said I.

“‘I will play to her,’ he replied with vivacity. ‘She has feeling, genius, intelligence; I will play to her, and she will appreciate me.’ And before I could

prevent, his hand was on the door. It was not locked, and opened immediately. I followed him across a dark corridor, towards a half-open door. He pushed it; and we found ourselves in a room with a small stove at one end, and some coarse furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table, working at a shoe. Near him, bending in a melancholy manner over an old piano, was a young girl. Both rose and turned towards us as we entered.

“‘Pardon me,’ said Beethoven, somewhat embarrassed; ‘pardon me, but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician!’

“The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

“‘I heard also some of your words,’ continued Beethoven. ‘You wish to hear, that is, you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?’

“There was something so strange, so comical, in the whole affair, and something so agreeable and eccentric in Beethoven’s manner, that we all involuntarily smiled.

“‘Thank you,’ said the young shoemaker ; ‘but our piano is bad, and then we have no music.’

“‘No music,’ repeated Beethoven ; ‘how then did Mademoiselle ——.’ He stopped and colored ; for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad, veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

“‘I entreat you to pardon me !’ stammered he ; ‘but I did not remark at first. You play, then, from memory ?’

“‘Entirely !’

“‘And have you heard this music before ?’

“‘Never, excepting the music in the streets.’

“She seemed frightened ; so Beethoven did not add another word, but seated himself at the instrument and began to play. He had not touched many notes when I guessed what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening ; I was not deceived. Never, during the many years I knew him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother on that old dilapidated piano.

“We remained sitting and listening. The brother and sister were dumb with astonishment. The former had laid aside his work, the latter, her head

slightly inclined, had approached the instrument, her two hands clasped on her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart might interrupt those accents of magic sweetness.

“Suddenly the flame of the solitary candle flickered, fell, and was extinguished. Beethoven stopped. I opened the shutters to let in the rays of the moon. It became almost as light as before in the room, and the radiance fell more strongly on the musician and the instrument.

“But this seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven’s ideas. His head dropped on his breast, his hands rested on his knees, and he appeared plunged in a profound meditation. He remained so for some time. At last the shoemaker rose, approached him and said in a low voice, ‘Wonderful man, who are you, then?’

“Beethoven raised his head, as if he had not comprehended. The young man repeated the question. The composer smiled as only he could smile.

“‘Listen,’ said he; and he played the first movement in the *F Symphony*. A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They

BETHHOVEN LISTENS TO HIS "SYMPHONY IN F."



recognized the player, and cried, 'You are then Beethoven!'

"He rose to go but they detained him. 'Play to us once more, just once more,' they said.

"He allowed himself to be led back to the instrument. The brilliant rays of the moon entered the curtainless window, and lighted up his broad, earnest and expressive forehead.

"'I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight,' he said, playfully. He contemplated for some moments the sky sprinkled with stars, then his fingers rested on the piano, and he began to play in a low, sad, but wondrously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument sweet and even, as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground."

Such is one version of the popular story of the "Moonlight Sonata." We hope that is true.

VII.—MENDELSSOHN.



MENDELSSOHN.

THERE was one thing in music that Mendelssohn could never do," remarked one old German musician to another.

"What was that?"

"Play a congregation out of a church."

Crowds thronged the churches when Mendelssohn was announced to play; they filled the aisles and the postlude,

the usual signal for departure, held them like statues.

When they finally left, it was to discuss the sermon of the organ instead of the pulpit. Once the vergers of St. Paul's Cathedral were impatient to clear the church that they might get their suppers, after a service when Mendelssohn presided at the organ. The great master continued to play after the postlude, and the people remained as though held by a spell. "There is only one way," said one of the vergers.

"What?"

"To stop the bellows."

He did so, and soon all was vacancy and silence.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was the son of a Hamburg banker, and was born in 1809. He came of a distinguished musical family, and royally inherited their genius. At the age of eight years he could play at sight the most intricate scores of Bach, and his old teacher, Zelser, was accustomed to speak of him as "the glorious boy." When Mendelssohn was about twelve years of age, Zelser wrote to Goethe:

"I desire to show you the face of my favorite pupil before I die."

At the age of fifteen Felix began to publish music, and he soon after composed an opera.

When a young man, Mendelssohn visited England, and his reception was so cordial, his genius seemed so admirably adapted to the tastes of the people, and his successes were so brilliant and uninterrupted, that he thereafter gave his affections and a great portion of his artist life to the English people.

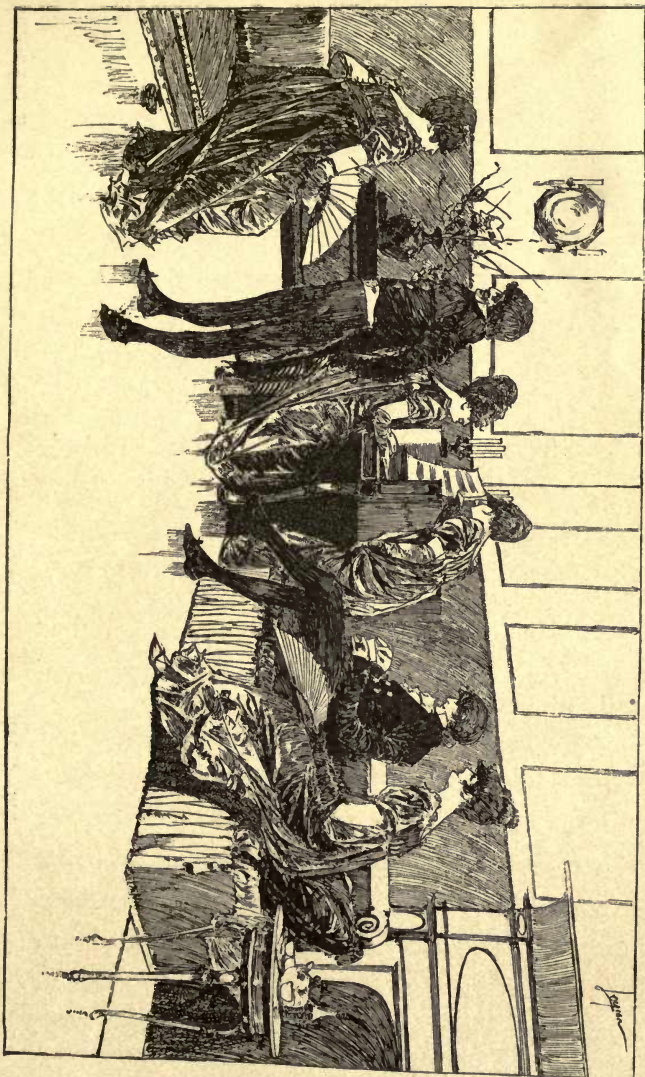
He wrote the oratorio *St. Paul*, which placed him in the front rank of great composers. Later he was invited to compose an oratorio for a national festival to be given in Birmingham, England. He chose for his subject, "*Elijah*," and gave his soul to the composition with a self-consuming zeal.

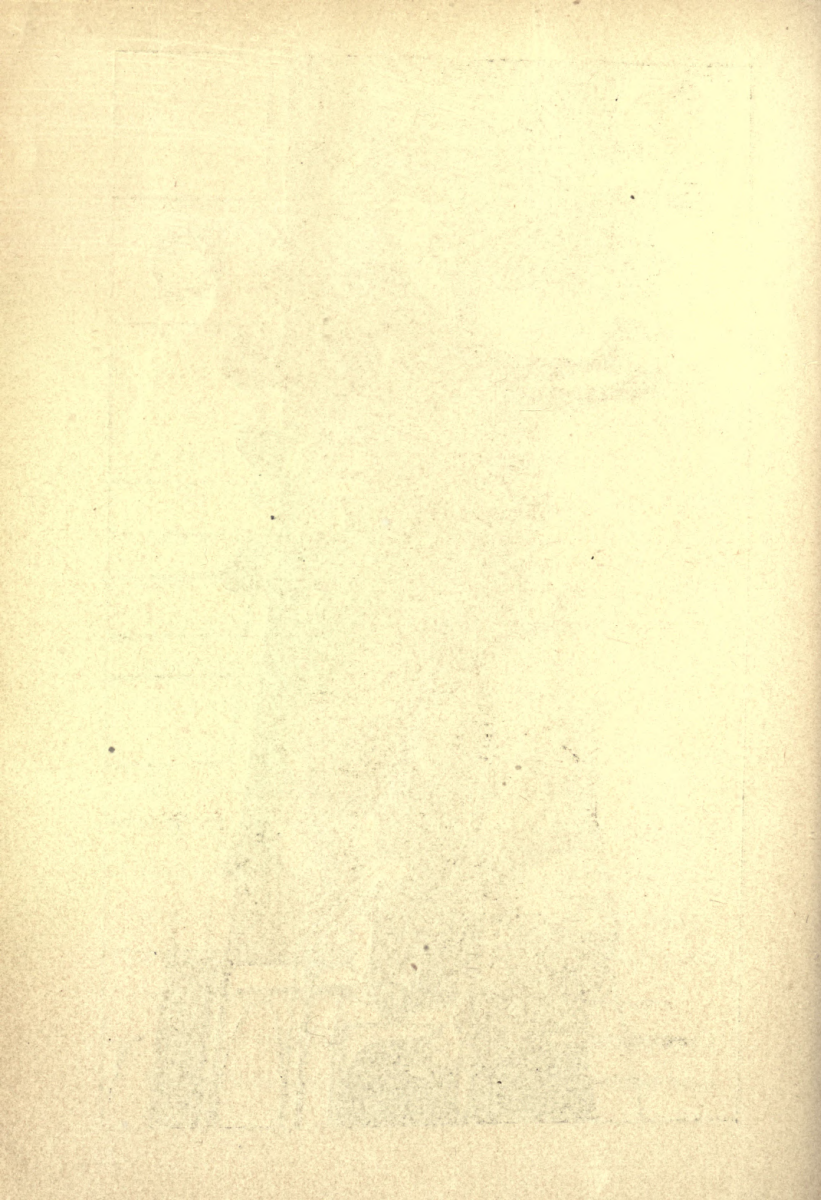
That was a grand occasion when the oratorio was first produced.

It was the summer of 1846. Busy Birmingham lay circled with gardens of flowers; people of rank, genius, wit, flocked thither to listen to the masterpiece of the king of composers. The assembly represented the best ability of the world.

All was expectation when Mendelssohn appeared. The oratorio opened. There were four solemn trum-

"HIS RECEPTION WAS SO CORDIAL."





pet-blasts, and Elijah, the man of the desert, who denounced the pagan altars that flamed on every hill, appeared and cursed the land with famine and death. The music grew tumultuous, representing the distress of the people. The apostles cry aloud, "*Help, Lord!*" and choruses, heavy with affliction, follow. Hope dawns with the magical tenor solo, "*If with all your hearts ye truly seek me,*" and choral quartets relieve the distress of the prophet with the ethereal promise, "*He shall give his angels charge over thee.*"

Again the trumpets sound, and Elijah appears in presence of the king, and announces the end of the famine. He calls the heathen priests to Mount Carmel, and tells them that there the true God will manifest himself in fire. The scene on Mount Carmel, where the frantic pagans call upon Baal, leads to one of the most weird and awe-inspiring choruses ever produced in music; and when the first part of the oratorio ended, the great audience knew that Mendelssohn had produced an immortal work, had created, as it were, a new orb of music which was to shine for all time.

The second part was as wonderful, but not as over-

powering. The soprano trio, "*Lift thine eyes*," the heavenly chorus, "*He watching over Israel*," the contralto song, "*Oh, rest in the Lord*," the earthquake in Mount Horeb, and the departure of Elijah through the rending sky in the chariot of fire, the comforting choruses bringing the work to a close like the parting clouds of a tempestuous day, all added surprise to surprise and admiration to admiration; and at the end of the work, as the composer moved away, he seemed more like a divinity than a man, and words of praise greeted his ear on every hand like the sound of the shining waves of the sea. His genius had made a mighty effort, and his triumph was complete.

The composition of *Elijah* consumed not only the genius but the life of Mendelssohn. After his overwhelming triumph at Birmingham, and while yet receiving the congratulations of princes and the praise of the whole musical world, he became conscious that his nervous system was shattered and that his days of usefulness were drawing to their close.

"Play, play!" said a young friend to him, just after the performance of *Elijah* at Birmingham.

The young composer shed tears: "I cannot play; I have no strength," he said. He placed his thin hand upon his forehead, and exclaimed, "Oh, my head! my head!" looking upward to heaven, towards which his luminous spirit was hastening. He died at Leipsic in 1847, the year after the production of *Elijah*, at the early age of thirty-eight years.

VIII.—CHOPIN AND PIANO MUSIC.

A FAMOUS organist once betted that he could produce one million notes on the piano in twelve hours. He accomplished his purpose in much less time, thus exhibiting the wonderful resources of the instrument. The piano is the most popular of musical instruments, and for no other has so much good music been written.

Frederic Chopin, one of the most imaginative and spiritual writers of pianoforte music, was born in Warsaw in 1810. He was so frailly constituted that it required the greatest care on the part of his parents to preserve his health in his youth.

His wonderful interpretations of written music in boyhood attracted the attention and won the admiration of Prince Anton Radziwill, who provided for his complete education.

When about twenty years of age he set out for London. It was a time of war. His passport read, "via Paris," and these words shaped his destiny. He entered Parisian musical society, a young man full of grace, refinement, and endowed with a wonderful intellectual beauty; his art surrounded him with friends; he was soon a favorite of the most cultured and brilliant salons, and thus the city became his home. He used to speak playfully of his passport "via Paris," and say, "I am on my way to London."

His piano-playing held the rapt attention of audiences wherever he went, and triumph succeeded triumph until his fame was the pride of the city.

Let us glance at the brilliant men and women of the time, and at one of the salons at which the spiritual young tone-poet was a frequent guest.

It is an autumn night, and there is to be a musical party at the famous house of the Pleyels. Pleyel? All are familiar with *Pleyel's Hymn*, but perhaps few know that towards the end of the last century the works of this composer were more in demand than those of any other musician, and his fame eclipsed that of any living artist. His compositions, mostly forgotten

now, would fill a library. He was a manufacturer of pianos as well as a composer, and his son Camille followed the same pursuits. He lived in elegant retirement, and was looked up to as a father among the young musicians. He died in 1831.

Meyerbeer was there. He had thrilled Europe with his musical inspirations, and his young mind was training for the production of those marvellous works, *Robert le Diable*, *The Huguenots* and *The Prophet*, which, unlike the compositions of Pleyel, have won enduring fame.

Liszt — but of him we shall speak hereafter.

Heine was one of the number — the great German song-writer whose verses all the fine poets loved to set to music. His career, too, had been exceptionally brilliant. It is said that on the appearance of his *Reise-bilder*, “young Germany became intoxicated with enthusiasm.” His writings on democratic government had not only won the hearts of the liberal German people, but carried his influence into all lands. Fame dazzled him now, as it did not in after years. “What good,” he said, near the close of his life, “does it do me to hear that my health is drunk

in cups of gold when I can only wet my lips with barley-water !”

In this state of mind he turned to the consolations of religion. He read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. “With all my learning,” he said, “the poor negro knew more about religion than I do now, and I must come to a knowledge of the truth in the same humble way as poor Uncle Tom.”

It may be that the famous Countess Potocka was there ; she was at this time one of the most famous beauties of France, and one of Chopin's friends and admirers. We cannot say but one was present at such salon gatherings whose genius was producing literary surprises seldom equalled in Paris — Madame George Sand. It is said that Chopin at first shrunk from this brilliant lady, and from her almost irresistible influence, but he was dazzled at last.

It was at this period that Chopin began to produce those compositions that are found on all the pianos in the world. The tree had blossomed early, and bore early fruit. Ballads, nocturnes, polonaises, mazourkas, concertos, sonatas, flowed from his pen ; they dropped ripe like fruit in the mid-summer sunlight.

These were happy days. But the eclipse was at hand; the long shadow was drawing near. His physique was frail, he was melancholy, and there was a spiritual tone to his character that received a shock each time that it came in contact with the rude world. In 1837 he was attacked by disease, which proved the invasion of consumption. He was told that he must flee from Paris to escape the winter air.

Madame Sand had become his most intimate friend. Whether she loved him cannot be told, but she admired his genius. She was now a literary queen, and lived in an intellectual atmosphere, and when she saw the young musician stricken down, she pitied him, and offered to accompany him to the South. They went to the Isle of Majorca. Here, amid the groves of oranges and citron, olive gardens, vines and spices, and in the air that was perpetual aroma, his health recovered its tone. When he left Paris no one expected that he would return. When he reached the fair isle of the Mediterranean, it seemed to be to die. Madame Sand was faithful to him in the sick-room for weary weeks and months; she thought it her mission to nurse him back to life, and

from the period that she chased the shadows away from his bed of death, she seemed to him like a superearthly being.

Happy days came again. Liszt says that the "recollection of the days that were spent on the Isle of Majorca were to Chopin like the memory of ecstatic bliss." He returned to Paris, and, now that his health was restored, he wished to marry Madame Sand; but she refused, and this refusal became the supreme disappointment of his life.

His music reflects all the lights and shades of feeling that grew out of these experiences. We tell you these events of his history, and must tell you more that are as sad, that you may better understand the compositions of one of the greatest, saddest, most tender of all the composers for the piano.

"The world had no joys after this," he once said, referring to his bright days of recovery at Majorca. But he lived many years. In 1840 his health again declined, but, although he suffered much in the winter season, he was able to work in summer, and the tide of music flowed on. In the winter of 1846-7, he was scarcely able to walk; he could not go up a flight of

stairs without painful strictures of the chest. He was very melancholy, and constantly spoke of the great disappointment of his heart.

But he lived on. He grew indifferent to all outward things, and lived only for religion and art. He went to London — “via Paris.” His reception was worthy of his genius and art. He seemed to forget his disease, and his melancholy for a time disappeared. He played in public, attended receptions, and disregarded his physicians. He was presented to the Queen; he was the reigning prince in the musical world.

His death was lingering but beautiful. When he could work no more nor leave his bed, his sister came from Warsaw to nurse him. He looked upon death with Christian hope. “Bury me next to Bellini,” he said.

The grave of Bellini was near to that of Cherubini, in the churchyard of Père la Chaise, Paris.

His friend Liszt has described the death-scene, and there are few things more beautiful in biography:

“On Saturday, the 15th of October, a crisis, still more painful than any that had preceded, lasted several hours. He bore it with patience and strength of

spirit. The Countess Delphine was there ; her soul was penetrated, her tears flowed. He opened his eyes, and saw her standing at the foot of his bed, the tall, slender figure, clad in white, the image of an angel beautiful as ever painter's fancy had created. She seemed to him a heavenly apparition ; he revived an instant, and breathed out a prayer to her to sing.

"All believed that he was talking wild ; but he repeated his request with a tone of earnestness which no one could resist. They pushed the piano in the hall close to the door of his chamber, and the countess sang with sobbing voice ; tears ran down her cheeks, and never had her fine talent and her wonderful singing a more touching expression.

"Chopin listened, and seemed to forget his sufferings ; she sang the hymn to the Holy Virgin, which, it is said, saved Stradella his life. "'O my God, how beautiful !' said he ; 'once more, once more !'

"The countess pressed down the overflowing fountain of her feeling, seated herself again at the piano, and sang a psalm of Marcello. But within the chamber a piercing pain suddenly seized the sick man ; all the bystanders were terrified, and involuntarily

sank in silence on their knees ; only the voice of the countess floated like a heavenly melody above the sighs of the others. The night came on ; a twilight spread its shadow over the mournful scene ; Chopin's sister kneeled against his bed, and wept and prayed.

“ In the night he grew worse ; yet on Monday morning he became somewhat better, and asked for the holy sacrament. In the absence of the Reverend —, with whom he had been on very friendly terms in their common exile, he sent for the Reverend Alexander Jelowicki, one of the most distinguished men of the Polish emigration. He saw him twice, and received from him the holy supper with devotion, in the presence of his friends. Thereupon he let these approach singly to his bedside, gave them a last farewell, and invoked God's blessing on them and on what they loved and hoped. The remainder of the day passed off amid increasing pains ; he spoke no word more. Only towards eleven o'clock in the evening did he feel himself slightly relieved. The clergyman had not left him, and Chopin expressed a desire, so soon as he found his speech again, to pray with him. He pronounced the

prayer of the dying, in Latin, with a clear, intelligible voice, leaning his head on Gutmann's shoulder.

“A cataleptic sleep lasted till the seventeenth of October, 1849. About two o'clock began the death-struggle; a cold sweat ran from his brow. After a brief slumber, he asked, with scarcely audible sound, ‘Who is with me?’ He inclined his head to press his lips once more gratefully upon the hand of Gutmann, who held him in his arm, and in this moment he breathed forth his soul. He died as he had lived, in love.”

Chopin had loved flowers, and his friends piled the bed on which the dead form lay with them, so that the face seemed like that of a child asleep in a garden. His beauty came back again after death,—the spiritual expression of calm after suffering. Tears fell like rain on the flowers; and so the artist slept. This last scene occurred in Paris in 1849. His illness had lasted twelve years.

IX.—LISZT.



LISZT.

THERE are many points of resemblance between the lives of Chopin and Liszt. Each is like a sad poetic story. We have told you the story of Chopin : we will here give

you a glimpse of the artist-life of Liszt.

Liszt was born in Hungary, one year later than Chopin — in 1811. His passion for music was shown in early childhood ; he was an extraordinary player on the pianoforte at the age of six ; in his ninth year he performed in public before noblemen. At the

age of twelve he won his first triumphs in Paris.

His father superintended his education and his concerts. The two went to England, gave concerts there; then returned to Paris, where, at the age of thirteen, Liszt produced an opera.

In 1827, Liszt lost this father, who had been his constant attendant, and to whose wise insight and foresight, to whose loving influence, he owed his successful career. The friendship which many boys seek among their companions, young Liszt had found in his father's society. The two had been inseparable; each lived his best life in the other's affections. They were a beautiful illustration of the highest and best relations between father and son.

Liszt was now sixteen. He became melancholy; the shadow of grief hung over him continually. Although life held out the most alluring promises, he at last turned to religion. His religious life was full of poetic sentiment, and yielded him gentle and healing consolations.

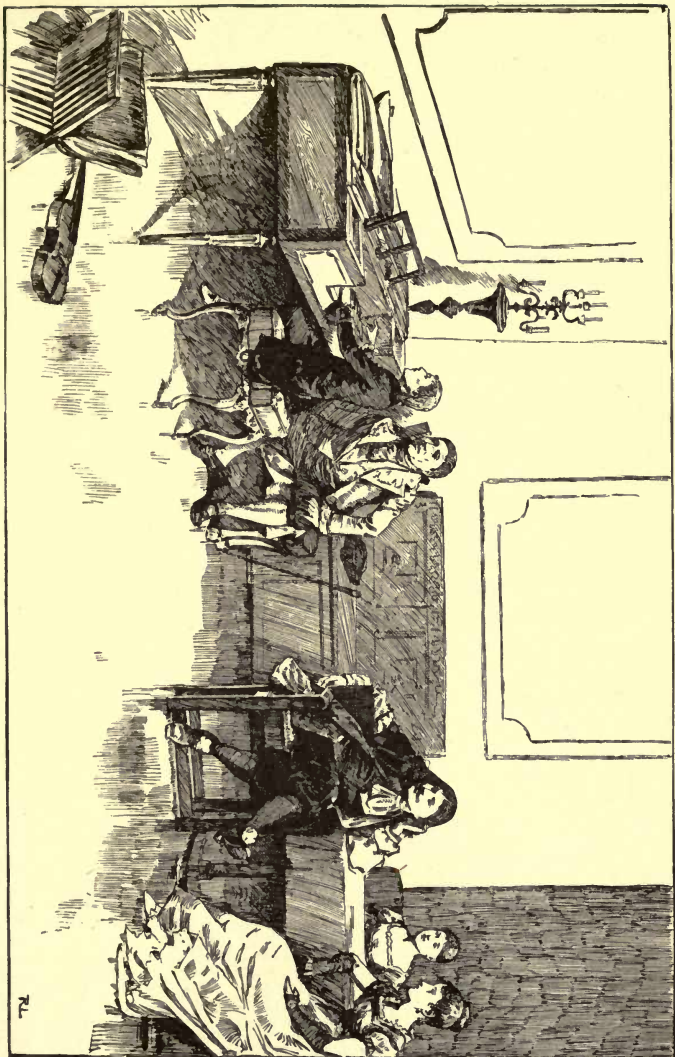
At this youthful period he became attached to a lady of rank, who seemed to have admired and appreciated his genius. He wished to marry her, but

she finally refused him, and he retired wholly from society, and for a time gave up his art. Like Chopin, he turned from the world to the consolations of religion in his sorrows; like him, he returned to music well schooled in the deeper experiences of life.

In 1830, Paganini appeared in Paris. The wonderful playing of this artist aroused Liszt from his melancholy moods. Ambition awoke in his heart again. He said, "I will become the Paganini of the piano."

In 1835 he heard of the triumphs of Thalberg. The resolution awakened by Paganini was strengthened.

Suddenly young Liszt appeared in the salons of Paris as a pianist, and his brilliancy and spiritual power were electrical. Almost immediately musical Paris was at his feet. The musical moods of eight years, the tendencies of religion which had kept him from ruinous courses, the indefatigable practise in hours of solitude, began now to show their fruit. In 1837 he went to Italy. Triumph succeeded triumph; he was everywhere acknowledged to be the Paganini of the piano; his dream became reality.



LISZT AT TWELVE. — AT PARIS.

At Vienna his concerts were the musical themes of the time. He visited Pesth on the invitation of some noblemen, and was there presented with a sword of honor and the rights of citizenship because he had employed his art in favor of the Hungarian cause.

These were happy days, and like the sunny periods that came into the shadows of Chopin's life.

In 1839 an effort was made to raise money for a monument to Beethoven. It seemed about to fail, only 600 francs having been subscribed in six months. Liszt made up the amount necessary, contributing 60,000 francs. A true artist's generosity.

Triumph followed triumph. His pen was constantly at work ; the fruits are seen on almost every piano, they are enjoyed in every concert room.

He went to Weimar, the Athens of Germany, and there became the conductor of the court concerts. He helped make Weimar a city of musical art, as Goethe and Schiller had made it a very Mecca of German literature. He became the friend of young musicians, among them Richard Wagner.

He had a large, sympathetic heart. He gave instruction to young pianists free ; he helped the

poor, he lived outside of himself, and the world loved him for what he was, as well as admired him for what he did.

But a time came when Liszt began to feel the triumphs of art of little value except as they could multiply influences for good. He longed for a life that would more withdraw him from the world and bring his thoughts more into harmony with high themes. In 1861 he went to Rome with these impressions upon his mind, and in 1865 he took holy orders, and was there known as the Abbé Liszt.

He loved Pesth, and in 1871 he sold his villa at Rome, and removed to the city of the Danube. In 1874, the sixty-third year of his life and the fiftieth of his career as an artist, he gave to Pesth his works of art, and prepared for a life of comparative retirement, though he is visited by musical pilgrims from all regions of the world. *Died July 31 1886*

His compositions are numbered by the hundred, and belong to all forms of music, from fantasies on the haunting airs of the great operas, to the most original and surprising themes. Boldness, spirituality and a glowing and brilliant fancy characterize them all.

Liszt's *Life of Chopin*, from which is largely gathered the material for the account of that composer, is one of the most poetic and sympathetic biographies in any language. In it one may find reflected Liszt's own sentiments, and clearly see how tender and beautiful was his inner life.

X.—ROSSINI.



ROSSINI.

THIS melodious tone-poet, whose works caught and enchanted the popular ear as they appeared, and still hold and delight and thrill susceptible audiences, had a romantic and adventurous early history.

He was born at one of the old towns of the then Papal states on the Gulf of Venice, in 1792.

His father played the French horn. His mother was a *seconda donna*, and was famous alike for her beauty and her voice.

At this time the towns of Italy held fairs at which music was one of the essential attractions. The Rossini family attended these fairs as performers, wandering from town to town in a gipsy-like way, and gaining some money and much applause amid the gay and fantastic scenes. In a climate of almost perpetual summer, with a sky always blue above them and fields always green around them, with novelties always in view, and music for an unending occupation, the Rossinis seem to have been contented and happy. Their son was a product of these romantic and tune-ful scenes. His father discovered that the boy was a musical prodigy, and the happiness of the wandering Italian family was augmented by this re-inforcement of their musical resources.

The boy had a pure soprano voice such as the Church at that time highly valued. He made the acquaintance of priests, and may be said to have grown up in the Roman Church. At the age of fourteen he could sing all music at sight, and at the age of eighteen he began his remarkable career as a composer, and gave to composition some twenty-two years.

The Italians are a music-loving people, very emo-

tional and warm in their appreciation of sentiment, and the melodious Rossini became to them a kind of divinity. Americans can little understand the reckless enthusiasm with which his works were hailed. He wrote in the palmy days of the opera. One of his first works was *Tancredi*, which quite turned the light heads of the Venetians. While it was the talk of Venice, and while every one in that city from the gondolier to the patrician was repeating its favorite airs, Napoleon entered Italy in triumph. He was then regarded as the conqueror of Europe, but his fame was eclipsed in the city of the doges by Rossini. The *fêtes* of the French emperor failed to draw the people from the enchantments of *Tancredi*.

Rossini was naturally indolent, yet during the twenty-two years which he gave to musical composition, he produced some forty notable works. However indolent in body, his mind seemed ever at work. An anecdote is related by one of his friends which illustrates the peculiarities of his character:

“During his residence in Venice this year [1813] he lodged in a little room at one of the small inns. When the weather was cold, he used to lie and write

his music in bed, in order to save the expense of fuel. On one of these occasions a duet which he had just finished for a new opera, '*Il Figlio per Azzardo*,' slipped from the bed and fell on the floor. Rossini peeped for it in vain from under the bed-clothes; it had fallen under the bed.

"After many a painful effort he creeps from his snug place, and leans over the side of the bed to look for it. He sees it, but it lies beyond the reach of his arm; he makes one or two ineffectual efforts to reach it. He is half-frozen with cold, and, wrapping himself up in the coverlet, exclaims :

" 'I will write it over again; there will be nothing difficult in this, since I know it by heart.'

"He begins again, but not a single idea can he retrace. He fidgets about for some time — he scrawls — but not a note can he recall. Still his indolence will not let him get out of bed to reach the unfortunate paper.

" 'Well,' he exclaims, in a fit of impatience, 'I will rewrite the whole duet. Let such composers as are rich enough keep fires in their chambers. I cannot afford it. There let the confounded paper lie. It

has fallen, and it would not be lucky to pick it up again.'

"He had scarcely finished the second duet when one of his friends entered.

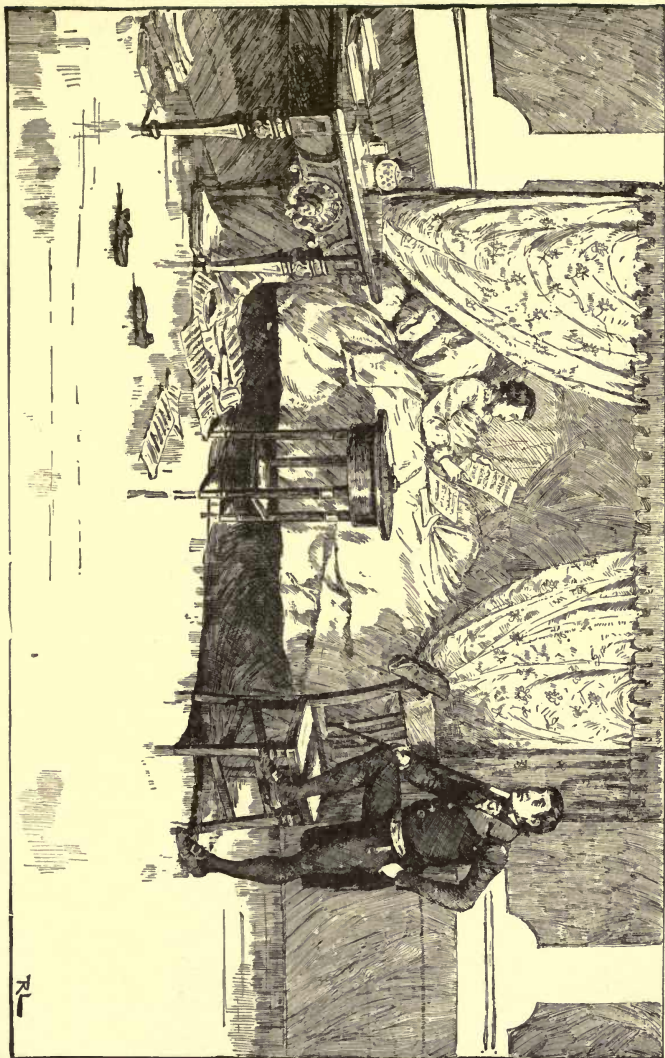
"'Have the goodness to reach me the duet that lies under the bed.'

"The friend poked it out with his cane, and gave it to Rossini.

"'Come,' said the composer, snuggling close in his bed, 'I will sing you these two duets, and do you tell me which pleases you the best.'

"The friend gave the preference to the first; the second was too rapid and too lively for the situation in which it was to stand. Another thought came into Rossini's head; he seized his pen, and without loss of time worked it up into a terzetto for the same opera. The relator of this anecdote states that there was not the slightest resemblance between the two duets."

At the beginning of his fame, his parents retired to Pesaro, the little town where he was born. Rossini loved his parents, and after a musical triumph, it was his delight to go home, and carry there the fruits of



ROSSINI COMPOSING IN BED.

his success, and cheer his father with the story of his growing fame.

Rossini had a quick and ardent mind, and turned into music every happy impression. One of his greatest works is the oratorio *Moses in Egypt*. When composing it some one said to him :

“What ! are you going to make the Hebrew sing ? Do you mean to make them *twang it* as they do in the synagogue ?”

“*Twang it.*”

The words suggested to him a new movement of composition, and he thereupon composed the magnificent and admired chorus that so closely resembles the music of the synagogue.

Rossini produced opera after opera ; his fame filled Italy ; he was crowned with laurel ; was fêted at Rome, and crowds followed him wherever he went. One of his most popular works was *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, but his noblest dramatic work was “William Tell” — *Guillaume Tell*.

The overture to this work is one of the most beautiful and poetic compositions in music, full of sentiment, affluent and dreamy, the perfection of instru-

mentation, the soul of romance and pleasing emotion.

Rossini went to Paris in the ripeness of his powers, and there, in an atmosphere of glowing appreciation, he dreamed the dream of *Guillaume Tell*. He resolved to give this composition his best efforts, and he wrote it in the retirement of a château. He hoped this work would prove his musical crown, and he lavished the wealth of genius upon it.

The music of the work proved a triumph, but the libretto was poor, and the production failed to awaken the excitements to which Rossini had been accustomed and which he expected would follow him from the idle Italian cities to the French capital. "William Tell" was soon withdrawn from the public.

The partial failure of the work was a great disappointment to Rossini. He had written thirty-nine operas before he was thirty-eight years of age. He was verging on forty, which is the old age of youth, and the summer-time of a life that fills all its seasons. He resolved to leave public life, to live in retirement, and not to write for publication any more.

The charm of the music of "William Tell" was so

great that the public still demanded parts of it, especially the overture.

"Well, Maestro," said a friend to Rossini one day, "you are on our programme again to-night. We are to play the music of the second act of William Tell."

"What! the *whole* of it?" asked Rossini sarcastically and bitterly.

When it was known that Rossini had withdrawn from public life in good health and in the maturity of his powers, at the age of forty, his friends and the public pressed him as to the reason.

His answer was characteristic :

"I desire to spend more time with my aged father. I was away from my poor mother when she expired. This was a source of grief to me, and I have been apprehensive that this might happen in my father's case, and I wish to solace his last years."

The chief glory of Rossini's life came to him in the years of retirement, unsought and unexpected. In 1832 a noted Spaniard, Don Vazela, asked him to write music for the Latin hymn, the "Stabat Mater," not to be made public, but to be performed in a private chapel.

Rossini was in sympathy with the subject. He had been a choir boy in Italy, and his dream of the crucifixion was associated with the melodramatic scenes of the old cathedrals, the pictures, the incense, the processions. He loved his mother, and this led him to a great reverence for the Virgin, whose sorrows at the cross of Christ the hymn portrays. Rossini was a gay man in his best years, but always a devout Catholic.

He fell ill during the composition, which may have helped give to the work some of its sombre and majestic coloring. What Handel's *Messiah* is to the Protestant Church, the *Stabat Mater* is to the Catholic Church; and, like the *Messiah*, it was produced under remarkable influences.

Although written only for private use, an accident gave it to the public. Don Vazela died, and his heirs sold the manuscript. The *Stabat Mater* flew over Europe and was played on every organ. It became the oratorio of Passion Week in Catholic churches. It was criticized by Protestants as sensuous and sensational, yet it soon found its way into Protestant music-books in selections to which were adapted other words. It is Rossini's most enduring work,

Rossini died in his seventy-fifth year, having spent thirty-five years in retirement. His faults were those of the Italian character, and even his religious music suggests what is showy and splendid, rather than a calm and lofty spirituality. But he was the greatest composer of the present century, and his life has in it much that is tender, loving and beautiful. His devotion to his parents is especially to be commended, and the splendor of gifts would seem to make some of his compositions imperishable.

XI.—HYMN WRITERS OF THE PAST.



LUTHER.

WE have glanced at the lives of the composers of the best popular music; beautiful lives most of them are, though some of them are very sad. There are other composers, whose inspira-

tions are found among the music on almost every piano and organ, at whose lives we would like to more than glance—tender Frank Schubert, imaginative Schumann, dramatic Verdi, electrical Berlioz; but

we must leave them here, and devote a large part of the last of these chapters to the writers of household music, of song music and hymn music, of strains that live with the years, and that influence the spiritual life and haunt the memory.

There have been several books written on the origin of the poetry of the best-known hymns, but no book that we have seen on the writers of the music of popular hymns. We open the church-music book and find written over the hymns, "Gregorian," "Luther," "Handel," "Pleyel," "Dr. Arne," "Mason," "Hastings," "Root," "Bliss;" but these names convey to many minds but a shadowy meaning.

We have already spoken of the Singing Church in Milan and the origin of the Ambrosian Chant. If you will examine any carefully edited church-music book you will find several tunes marked "Gregorian" or "Gregorian Chant." Among these tunes are solemn and melodious "Olmutz," stately and majestic "Hamburg," and many others. What do the editors of such books mean by "Gregorian"?

Gregory the Great was one of the most eminent bishops of Rome. Under his missionaries England

was converted from Druidism to Christianity. He was an invalid for most of his life, but he had an active and vigorous mind, and his tastes were highly poetic and musical. He reformed the music of the Church, prepared a simple but harmonious service for antiphonal choirs, and the chants thus prepared are known as "Gregorian," as are the hymns that follow any part of their ancient movements and combinations of tone. Gregory founded a music school for the Church, and adopted the plan of separating the chanters from the regular clergy. The *whip* with which he used to assist restive scholars in properly controlling their artistic temperaments is still preserved—how often such an implement might be deservedly employed even now in church choirs and choral societies! The bed on which he used to recline when visiting the music school is also exhibited. His principal work, the "Gregorian Chant," is still sung during Lent with all of its original simplicity and monotonous solemnity.

The tune "Old Hundred" was written at the time of the Reformation, and is attributed to Martin Luther himself in many collections of music. It



POPE GREGORY TEACHING THE CHOIR BOYS.

seems to have been written by William (Guillaume) Franck (Franc), one of the fifty musicians who composed the tunes to the French version of the psalms. These tunes were printed at Strasburg, in 1545, shortly before Luther's death. The words which are now commonly sung to the tune were written by Bishop Ken for the students of Winchester College to sing in their rooms. Luther wrote many tunes, and adapted to his own words the music of other composers. Thus we have Luther's "Judgment Hymn," and "A Mighty Fortress is our God." He followed Ambrose and Gregory in enriching the Church with music, and was himself followed by Wesley, who selected music for his own and Charles Wesley's hymns. The hymns of Luther were the trumpet-calls of the Reformation. "The children learned them in the cottage, and martyrs sung them on the scaffold."

"Pleyel's Hymn" is one of the tunes of the ages. Almost every one can sing it in all Christian lands. Pleyel was a pupil of Haydn. He composed music for the piano and violin. At the close of the last century his fame eclipsed that of all other musicians,

and hardly any other music was in demand. His symphonies and concertos are mostly forgotten now, and the principal treasure that survives the wreck of his fame is the simple strain sung in village churches, and over open graves, known as "Pleyel's Hymn." Truly it is the unexpected that falls to fame in the history of music.

It may be well for the reader to examine a music-book while reading this chapter, and to illustrate the reading by playing the tunes whose origin is given.

One of the best-known hymns in the music-books was written, we are sorry to say, by a very erratic genius. It is called "Greenville" in collections of sacred music, but is otherwise known as "Rousseau's Dream." Rousseau was born in Geneva in 1712. He was a wanderer by nature, a man of restless mind and diseased imagination, but of wonderful genius. His character was full of contradictions. He went to Paris as a musician and author. He wrote against the theatre, and then himself composed a play; against novel-reading, and then himself published a romance. He made brilliant friends, always to

forfeit their esteem ; he was a pietist and an infidel ; talked morality and sent his own children to the foundling hospital. He was "a man in convulsions," yet there was much that was lovable in his nature and generous in his life. He wrote many books, which the world has long ceased to read ; and of all the music and poetry and products of his strange crazed life, little but "Greenville" remains.

Dr. Thomas Arne, author of the universally known hymn-tune "Arlington," was a stronger and more consistent man. He seemed predestined to music. His father intended him for the law, and discouraged his musical pursuits. Young Arne would attend concerts in the dress of a servant to avoid observation. He secreted a spinet in his room, muffled the strings, and practised nights. He continued the study of law for a time, but music was his all-absorbing passion, and to it he finally devoted his life. He died in 1778, in his sixty-ninth year.

The well-known hymn-tune "Antioch" was arranged from Handel by Dr. Lowell Mason.

Martin Luther adapted religious words to sweet

German songs, and the Wesleys followed his example in popular English tunes.

The Wesleys may be said to have carried the Gospel into Cornwall. It was a country rough in people as in its coast, and when John Wesley and John Nelson first went there to preach they were so inhospitably received that they were compelled to "dine off of the blackberry bushes." Before John Wesley died he preached to thirty thousand people in Cornwall, and there was hardly a home on all the wild coast where his presence would not have been welcome and regarded as an honor.

Charles Wesley was once preaching to the seafaring people in Cornwall, when some drunken sailors struck up the tune "Nancy Dawson." Between the Gospel and the rude song it was a sorry contest, but the preacher was equal to all occasions.

"Come again," said he to the Cornish peace-breakers, "and you shall hear your tune sung to better words."

They came to the next service, when to their surprise Wesley sang a hymn he had written to the air of "Nancy Dawson :"

“Listed in the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! has too long been
Pressed to obey the devil.”

The hymn grows devotional, and presents Christ and his promises. The tars were pleased, and learned the words, and seemed to enjoy it more than their old song.

“It was a cheery thing,” said an old Cornishman; “my father used to sing it, just as the old folks he said used to sing it. I used to sing it with him. He and I shall join again by and by, and ‘Heaven be ours forever.’”

XII.—HYMN WRITERS OF TO-DAY.



P. P. BLISS.

ABOUT the middle of the present century four Christian gentlemen were brought into intimate association, whose names appear in collections of sacred music as “Hastings,” “Ma-

son,” “Root,” “Bradbury.” Only one of them is now living, the excellent and esteemed Dr. Root.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, editor of “Spiritual Songs” and “Christian Psalmist,” a diligent compiler of church music and author of many hymns as well as

tunes, was born in Washington, Conn., 1784. Much of his work was done at Utica, N. Y. Dr. Lowell Mason was born at Medfield, Mass., 1792, taught music for a time in the South, and removed to Boston in 1827. He labored for the musical education of the people, and introduced music into the Boston public schools. His co-worker was George James Webbe, author of the music to the hymn "The Morning Light is breaking." *

The tunes of Dr. Mason are sung at almost all social meetings, especially "Boylston," which is one of the sweetest expressions that can be given to a short-metre hymn. The tune "Hebron" is almost as much employed. "Mt. Vernon," to the words of Dr. S. F. Smith, originally composed on the death of a young lady belonging to the Mt. Vernon school, is a melody as familiar as the words of a psalm.

William Bradbury, compiler of "The Shawm," "The Jubilee," "Temple Choir," "Golden Chain," "Fresh Laurels," and author of the well-known tunes "He leadeth me," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and many Sunday-school hymns, was born in York, Maine, 1816. His works had an immense sale. He wrote the pop-

ular cantata "Esther." He was a loving, happy Christian, and his death was a triumph.

These men established, as it were, a new school of music, the influence of which has been felt in all English-speaking countries and in almost every home in those countries. They wrote, to beautiful words, Gospel messages, as it were, music that charms the popular ear, and that every one delights to sing.

This brings us to two names associated with hymns and melodies sung by the child and the white-haired Christian; in almost all social meetings, whether in the city chapel or backwoods cabin; by the mother over the cradle; by the home circle; at the camp-meeting, and over the open grave — Dr. George Frederic Root and Philip P. Bliss.

Dr. Root, one of the most lovable and spiritual men, the author of the tunes "My days are gliding swiftly by," or "Shining Shore," "Knocking," "How lovely is Zion," "In the silent Midnight Watches," "Precious Jewels," "What did Jesus say," "Departed Days," "Music in the Air," "Vacant Chair," "Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom," "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie," of many popular cantatas and music-books,

and of instruction books that would fill a large library, was born at Sheffield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1820. His early home was full of holy influences. He prepared himself for a teacher of vocal music. He was a pupil of Dr. Lowell Mason, and also studied abroad.

Few men have exerted so wide an influence in a quiet, unobtrusive way. His simple melodies seem to have floated like good angels into all doors, like the south winds through the roses of summer windows. When he was a young man it seems to have been his ambition to write music for the common people, and he has fulfilled his mission.

His mother was a saintly woman. One day as he was writing a music-book, she came quietly to his desk and laid a newspaper upon it, saying :

“There, George, are some verses I think you might set to music.”

Dr. Root paused in his work and read in the poetic corner of the paper —

“My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover."

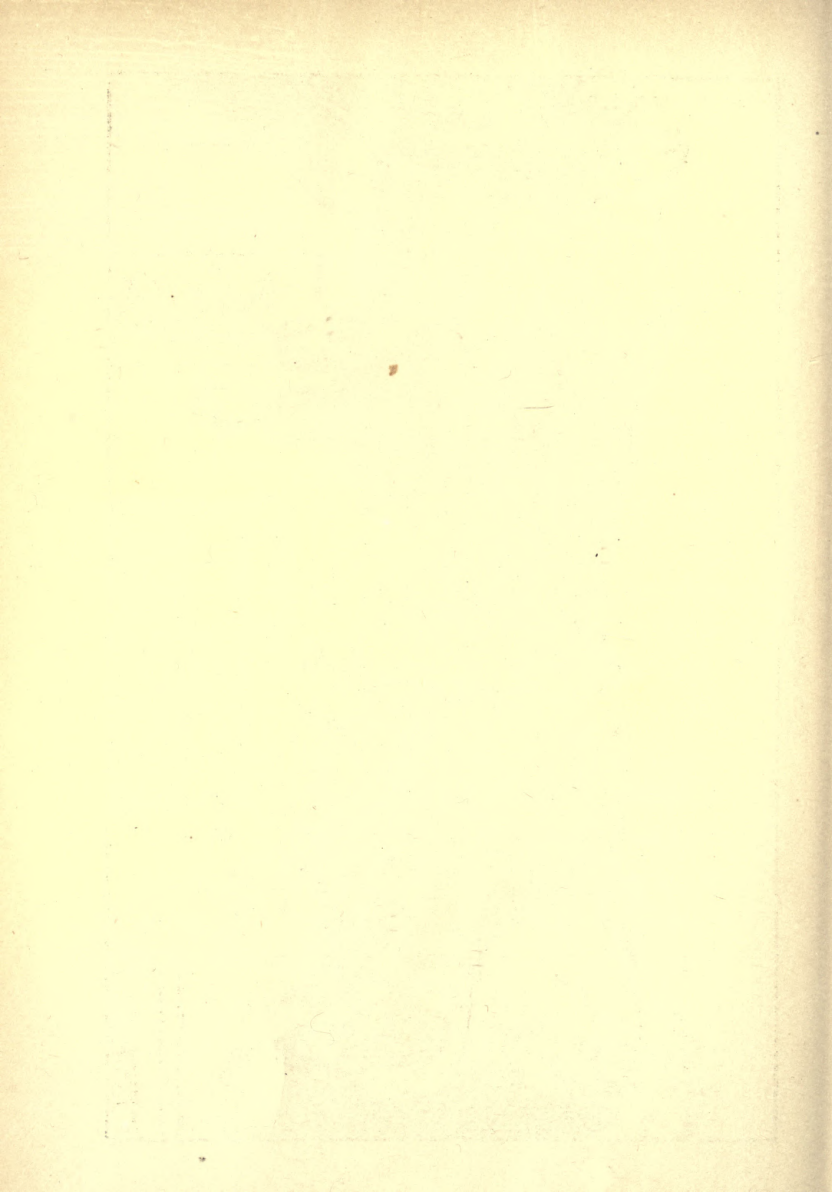
A melody came floating into his mind, a simple air out of that celestial atmosphere where good poets and composers gather treasures. He noted it down and put it aside. He did not dream that the air and the words would one day comfort Christians of many lands.

It was at last published, though lightly esteemed by the composer. It flew over the world. Years afterwards Dr. Root learned the origin of the words. This, too, like the tune, is associated with a beautiful story :

The hymn was written by Rev. David Nelson, of Kentucky. He was driven from his native State because he declared the holding of slaves to be wrong. He went to Missouri. The odium of being an abolitionist followed him there, and he was again obliged to flee for his life. While thus attempting to escape he reached the banks of the Mississippi, and there hid in a forest of river reeds. It was night.



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SING.



"Across the wave" he could see the lights of freedom, at Quincy, Ill. That experience, it is said, suggested to him the "shining shore" and the immortal hymn.

Probably a million copies of Dr. Root's music-books have been sold, some of his early Sunday-school books having reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies. He lives at Chicago, holds musical conventions in the West, where his thorough technical knowledge of music is made valuable to young teachers and composers, and has just written a new cantata called "David the Shepherd Boy." He is a most dignified, courteous gentleman, always gracious and self-forgetful, and universally beloved.

P. P. Bliss, author of many of the songs in "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 1, 2 and 3, of which millions of copies have been sold, was a pupil of Dr. Root. He was born in the town of Rome, Penn., 1838. His parents were poor. He loved music like a song-bird. He had a sweet and powerful voice. He was brought up in the Sunday-school, and led the music in the Sunday-schools that he attended.

He went to Chicago in 1864, and entered the firm of Root and Cady, music publishers, and found a

good friend as well as instructor in Dr. Root of the firm. He began to sing the spiritual songs of Bradbury and Root in public, and to compose simple religious pieces for the Sunday-school. He was soon able to compose Sunday-school music-books, which had a great popularity.

In the summer of 1874, he wrote to a friend: "Major Whittle and I are holding protracted meetings. I am preparing a book of 'Gospel Songs.' Pray for the book. All the good in it must come from God."

The book was published in Cincinnati. It contained fifty-two of his compositions, among them, "Almost Persuaded," "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Only an Armor Bearer," "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," etc. Most of these pieces are now household words in America, England, Scotland, and even in Germany.

Most of the hymns and tunes were suggested by incidents of the personal experience of the author. "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," was a sequence of the refrain, "Oh, how I love Jesus."

"I have sung long enough," said Mr. Bliss one

day, "of my poor love for Christ, now I will sing of his love for me."

Mr. Bliss was killed at the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, Ohio, on returning from a holiday visit to his aged mother.

Music is the higher language of the soul, and its influence often elevates and inspires when other efforts fail. A good song helps the heart, and every time a hymn is sung a sermon is preached. As St. Augustine said of the hymns of the church of Milan, "Nothing could stand against this singing."

XIII.—AMERICAN NATIONAL SONGS.*

SOME years ago, we were riding through the States of Minnesota and Iowa. The prairies were in bloom. Around the newly erected cabins there were slender growths of Lombard poplars and cottonwood-trees.

On the train were a young bridegroom and bride, with their wedding outfit. Among their effects were some bundles of twigs.

"What are those *sticks* for?" asked my German friend, sitting by my side, and looking curiously at the green twigs.

"Whips," said one of our party, lightly.

"Whose are they, the bridegroom's or the bride's?"

"I think that they are slips of Lombard poplars or cottonwood, and that the couple intend to plant

*The introduction and closing paragraphs of this chapter were originally published in the *Musical Herald*, the organ of the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

them around their new prairie home. These trees grow rapidly, and break the winds of the prairie."

"How romantic!" said the German. "The Lombard poplar and the cottonwood-tree — that would be a good name for a song. Cutting the twigs of the Lombard poplar and the cottonwood-tree for a prairie honeymoon! In Germany, a song would have been made of that subject. Have you no American song writers here like Heine, who catch the poetic meanings of such little episodes of life?"

"We sing the songs of *your* song writers," said I, by way of compliment.

"That is very well," said he. "There is not a river or valley or phase of life in Germany that has not its expression in popular song. It is very well in you Americans to sing our songs: it shows that you have good taste. But, if *I* were an American musician, *I* would not sing German songs. I would have the patriotism and manliness to write some songs of my own country. Every country should have its own national music, expressions of its own life and characteristics in songs."

I rode on looking out on the seas of flowers.

It had been Arbor Day in the West. The day has no song. It had been Mississippi Day in the Southwest. That day is not known to song. Not one of the rivers or two thousand lakes in Minnesota is made familiar in song. The legends of the Northwest, as beautiful as they are, are dead to music. The lovely towns of Iowa have never been sung. The Mississippi is tuneless and voiceless; and the St. Lawrence would have been, but for the genius and inspiration of that great-hearted singer, Tom Moore.

On, on swept the train. It was a sunny day. It seemed as though God had carpeted the earth with flowers and filled the air with birds. Not one of these flowers or birds has any place in popular song.

The ride was long. Flowers and birds lost their charm in a measure at last, and we asked our German friend to sing. He gave us Schubert's "Post Horn," "Fisher Maiden," "The Mill Wheel," "Erl King," and Von Weber's "Wild Hunt of Lutzow."

He then asked :

"What is your song for Independence Day?"

“‘The Star Spangled Banner,’” said I.

“But that does not express the sentiment of Independence Day. You might as well sing the ‘Watch on the Rhine.’”

I had to confess that, our nation being young, we have few or no songs for our holidays. Washington’s Birthday and our New England Thanksgiving have no songs. No song is associated with the name of Lincoln.

“But have you no composer like our Von Weber, who has caught the spirit of your own institutions and liberties? Are your singers all mocking-birds?”

I could but feel the justice and force of the criticism. Not *all*; but the patriotic use of music has not received as yet the attention in America that it deserves.

Last summer, I made an excursion from London to Basle, and returned to London by the way of the Rhine and Antwerp. The excursion brought again and again to mind the German’s remarks and criticism. At Basle, the hotels rung during the summer evenings with the melodious ballads of Alsace and Lorraine. On the garden terrace overlooking

the Rhine, the clubs sung of the river of song, the mountains of Jura, and the endearing scenes of home and Fatherland. The Rhine boat was vocal with the songs of Heine; Heidelberg with student songs.

We sang the Lorelei as we passed the dark rock of the legendary river. Every town on the Rhine has its own song. The occupations of the peasantry all have their songs.

I returned to London at the end of the season. In the programmes of the classical concerts, national and popular songs were announced, and assigned to the greatest singers. The poems of several of these were by our own Longfellow.

The great temperance fête at the Crystal Palace exhibited the same patriotic and national spirit. The choruses numbered fifteen thousand singers. Jude played the Handel organ, and the Handel orchestra led the choirs and choruses. Sixty-seven thousand people were present. It was a festival of England's *moral* songs.

The songs sung were expressions of English life and reforms. They were true to the national in-

instincts, interests, and feelings — musical pulse beats of the English people.

America is almost untouched by song. The expression of American life in national popular song, after the manner of Germany, France, England and Scotland, belongs to an era to come.

The composers that Americans are to love and star with fame will be American in heart, spirit, expression, and purpose. Like the singers of Germany and provincial France, they will change history into song.

Their notes will not be simply imitations, but inspirations. They will make the words of the poet glow and burn. They will touch dead songs into life and give them wings. A mocking-bird will be a mocking-bird only when the true singers shall come.

In the early days of our history there began what promised to be a brilliant period of popular song writing. Tom Moore came to this country, and he touched with eternal romance the wilderness near Norfolk by his "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," whose spirit was caught by Covert. He wrote the "Light

House," "Alone by the Schuylkill," "I knew by the Smoke," the "Canadian Boat Song," and "Dead Man's Isle." Mrs. Hunter wrote the "Indian's Death Song," and Dartmouth College sent out the familiar romantic song, "When shall we three meet again?"

The War of 1812 gave us a great national song, and the beginning of the great missionary movement several noble hymns. The period of Sunday-school singing followed, and that of home melodies and slave songs.

Then came the songs of the war. This music was all beneficent and helpful to the movements that gave it birth, but the words and music were seldom appropriately wedded. Noble words were set to light music, and inspirational music to light words. They were tones that served their purpose. The tune of "Marching through Georgia," and the words and tune of "The Vacant Chair," as well as the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," and the words and tune of "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom" will long live; and "John Brown's Body," like "The Campbells are Coming" in Scotland, will long be remem-

bered, as a rhythmic expression of a single impulse.

Our best American songs are

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

This is the recognized national song of our country. It was written by Francis S. Key Esq., a distinguished civilian, who died in 1846. It was inspired by the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British, in the War of 1812. The Encyclopædia of Music (Moore's) gives the following details of the occasion, scene and song:

“The gentleman had left Baltimore with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours,

and that the city must fall. He watched the flag of the fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eyes were again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

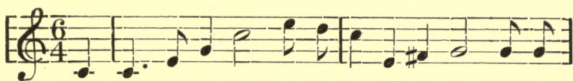
The music is an old air entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven," and was composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold of Oxford, England (1739-1802). It was popular during the last part of the last century and was then known as "Adams and Liberty," the words being written by Robert Treat Paine, and first sung at the fourth anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Free Society in June, 1798. The following is the history in brief of America's great national song:

HAIL COLUMBIA.

"Hail Columbia" was written in the summer of 1798, at a moment when the United States seemed about to be drawn into a war with France, their old

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

(As originally written.)



ally and friend. The American envoys sent out by President Adams, with no other object than to restore a good understanding, were thought to have been grossly insulted by France. An army and navy were in preparation. General Washington had accepted the chief command, with Alexander Hamilton as his second, and nothing was thought of but impending war.

Its author was Joseph Hopkinson of Philadelphia. He says he wrote it to awaken an American spirit at a time when our relations with France and Great Britain were critical. His own words :

“The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above, the interest, passion and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course, the song found favor with both parties, for both were American; at least, neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated.”

The following are the words of the song, as originally written at Philadelphia in 1798 :

HAIL COLUMBIA.

I.

Hail Columbia, happy land !
Hail ye heroes ! Heaven born band !
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm — united — let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty ;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

II.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;
Defend our rights, defend our shore.
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,

Invalidate the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize ;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice may prevail
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm — united — let us be, etc.

III.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause ;
Ring through the world with loud applause ;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear,
With equal skill and god-like power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war ; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm — united — let us be, etc.

IV.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,

But armed in virtue firm and true
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay
And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm — united — let us be, etc.

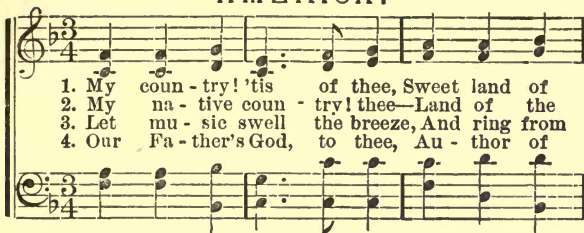
AMERICA.

The words of this song were written by Rev. S. F. Smith, who was born in Boston in 1808, and were sung at a local festival.

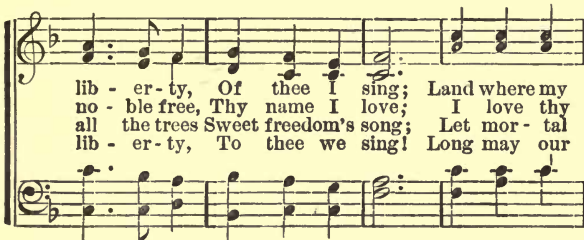
The music is an old English tune, composed by Henry Carey, of sad, yet beautiful memory. The Cyclopædia of Music (Moore's) thus gives the story of its supposed origin :

“It has been generally believed that Henry Carey was the author, and that he employed Doctor Thornton, of Bath, and Christopher Smith, Handel's clerk, to correct the words as well as music. This gave rise to the assertion that Handel was the composer. The words, with the air, appeared in “The Gentleman's Magazine,” in 1745, when the landing of the young

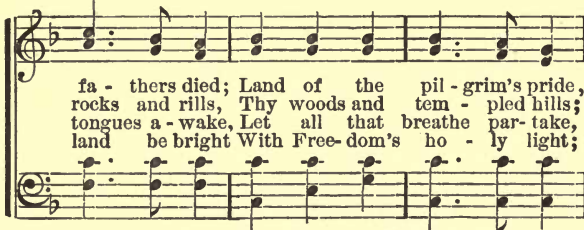
AMERICA.



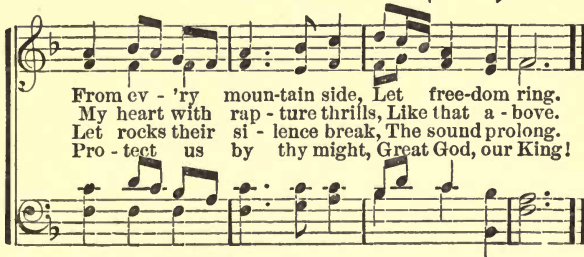
1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee—Land of the
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
 4. Our Fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of



lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 lib - er - ty, To thee we sing! Long may our



fa - thers died; Land of the pil - grim's pride,
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take,
 land be bright With Free - dom's ho - ly light;



From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

Stuart called forth expressions of loyalty from the adherents of the reigning family. After Doctor Arne, the composer of another English song, "Rule Britannia," had brought it on the stage, it soon became very popular. Since that time the harmony of the song has been much improved, but the rhythm is the same as originally. According to a notice in "The New Monthly Magazine," vol. iv. page 389, there is a copy of this national song, published without date, by Riley and Williams, in which Anthony Young, organist in London, is called author of the air. There is also a story, that this national song, as Burney, the author of "The History of Music," maintained, was not made for a King George; but that, in older versions, it ran thus, "God save great James our king;" and Burney adds, that it was originally written and set to music for the Catholic chapel of James II., and no one durst own or sing it after the abdication of James, fearing to incur the penalty of treason, so that the song lay dormant sixty years, before it was revived for George II. It is very interesting to observe how this song, of which the words have no great merit, has become dear to the whole English nation,

on account of the associations connected with it. The French Marseillaise Hymn is of a much higher character, and equally a national favorite. The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*, says, "God save the King," is of great antiquity, and of French origin, having been used for centuries as a vintage hymn in the south of France. The same writer claims "Old Hundred" as a French tune, originally written in the key of G."

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.*

"In the late autumn of the first year of the war for the Union," writes Mrs. Howe, "a strong feeling of interest and of wonder drew me with many others, to the city of Washington, which had become the centre of military operations. Bitterly as we deplored the war itself, its features had yet for us the interest of the greatest novelty, and we could not help thinking with romantic enthusiasm of the new and strange sights which we were about to see. These began

* Mrs. Howe made this communication to the *Youth's Companion* at the request of the editors.

when we passed the first pickets of our army, which were stationed at intervals along the railroad between Baltimore and Washington. This was on a chill November evening, and the little groups of soldiers seated around a pile of blazing logs made for us a new and attractive picture.

“Arriving within the city, we found abundant evidence of its military occupation. A number of troops were quartered within it, and small bodies of armed men marched frequently through the streets. Officers and orderlies galloped past the windows of our hotel. Ambulances came and went. Buildings here and there were designated as military headquarters. Quite near our hotel was a ghastly reminder of what was going on, in the shape of an establishment for embalming the bodies of the dead, so that they might be removed to the places designated by their friends for burial.

“The minds of all were intent upon the war, and no news were asked for other than intelligence of the various skirmishes and encounters which were constantly taking place between our men and those of the enemy.

“It was therefore with eager interest we made our first visit to the encampment of the great Army of the Potomac, which at that time occupied a great stretch of country in the neighborhood of the city. Provided with a pass allowing us to go and return, we crossed the long bridge, guarded by sentinels, and after a short drive, found ourselves in what looked like a city of tents, swarming with soldiers, and resounding with the notes of the bugle and the tap of the drum.

“Our first visit was to the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, stationed at Fort Albany. I remember well the interest with which we inquired into every detail of camp-life. The officers’ tents, warmed by small stoves of sheet iron — the doctor’s tent, provided with a huge medicine-chest — the hospital tent, with its rows of pale, gaunt faces.

“Our friend, Colonel G——, welcomed us cordially to his headquarters, which were in an ordinary wooden building, with a piazza running along the front. He invited us to warm ourselves by a comfortable wood-fire, and presently called together a number of his men to greet the visitors from Massachusetts, among

whom was the wife of its greatly honored Governor, John A. Andrew. From this camp we drove to another and another, and the sunlight had quite failed us before we crossed the long bridge again, and returned to our hotel.

“A little after this, we drove out again to attend a review of ten thousand of the national troops. While this was in progress, a sudden alarm intervened. A small body of men had been attacked and surrounded by the enemy. We saw the re-inforcements gallop to their assistance, and presently learned that the review would be discontinued.

“Our way back to Washington was by the road over which the troops which had gone out for the review were obliged to return to their cantonments. They filled the whole space like a river, in which our carriage moved slowly along, the horses walking not faster than the men walked. To beguile the time we began to sing the John Brown song, which was at that time very popular among the soldiers. As we sang it they answered back, ‘Good for you.’ I remarked to a friend that I had always wished to write some verses which might be sung to that tune.

“That night I went to bed as usual, and slept soundly after the fatigue of our long cold drive. It must have been at the earliest touch of dawn that I awoke, and lying in my bed, began in my mind to twine the long lines of a hymn which promised to suit the measure of the John Brown melody. Each verse in succession seemed to write itself clearly in my thoughts, and I presently said to myself, ‘I must get up at once and write this down, or I shall be sure to go to sleep again and forget it.’

“Accordingly I sprang out of bed, and fumbled about in the dark room for a stump of a quill pen and a bit of paper which I remembered to have seen upon my table before retiring to rest. I had acquired the habit of writing without using my eyes, through a sort of necessity, having often had occasion to record some sudden thought in the dark chamber in which my own baby might be lying asleep. This habit now stood me instead, and although what I wrote was very crookedly and illegibly written, I knew by past experience that I should be able to make it out within twenty-four hours of the time in which it was written.

“Having concluded my task, which occupied but

a few minutes, fifteen perhaps, I went back to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I am glad of this poem.'

"The poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine. Mr. James T. Fields, at that time the editor of the magazine, suggested the name by which the verses have become known. Its appearance at first excited little comment, and I had ceased to think of it as likely to be especially noticed, when I read in some newspaper that a number of Union men shut up in a Southern prison had found some comfort in singing this new hymn, whose author was unknown to them even by name. This name was now inquired for and made known.

"In the twenty years which have passed since that time, I have often had the pleasure of knowing that my battle-hymn has been sung by the lovers of God and men. I learned, years ago, that at a great meeting of the colored schools of Richmond, Va., it was sung by a large chorus of children, teachers and parents. In our far West, I have been greeted by its music as I have walked to take my place on the platform. I have heard it in the far East, also.

“When on a visit to Constantinople two years ago, I had the pleasure of passing some hours at Robert’s College, an American institution, beautifully situated on the banks of the Bosphorus. As I was about to take leave, the professors and ladies who had kindly entertained me asked me to listen to what I should hear while descending the steep hill upon whose summit the college stands. I had been carried up this ascent in a chair by two stout porters. As I walked down, helped only by one strong arm, I heard the voices of my late entertainers united in singing, ‘Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.’ And I thought that we might see this glory oftener if we would look for it, and most of all where faithful souls are working together for the good of humanity.”

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His Truth is marching on,

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel,—
“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you My grace shall
deal ; ”

Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat ;
Oh ! be swift, my soul to answer Him ; be jubilant, my feet,—
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Doctor George F. Root, the author of the words and music, about whose publishing house in Chicago gathered the young song writers of a half century

ago, including Work and Bliss, was born in Massachusetts. He studied music with Lowell Mason, and in Germany, and was associated with Bradbury in music writing and publishing — the two composing together the well-known cantata of “Daniel.”*

During the war of the Union, both Root and Bradbury threw their genius and art into the Union cause. Mr. Bradbury wrote, “Rally Round the Flag,” to the words of James T. Fields, Esq. Doctor Root wrote both the words and music of the “Battle Cry of Freedom.” It appeared in the early days of the war, and was both a recruiting song and a battle song. The volunteers marched away from their homes and cities singing it; and to battle with the words on their lips. It is associated with all of the great struggles of the war, and was sung in the last Republican National Convention, to awake enthusiasm for General Grant. Mr. Bradbury was a much respected Christian gentleman.† Doctor Root is a hale old man, full of worthy aims, living in Chicago.

Doctor Root wrote, “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,” during the recruiting days of the war.

* See page 126. † See page 125.

The next day Chicago was ringing with it, and in a few weeks it was taken up by all of the Union bands.

Doctor Root has acted on the principle that that is the best music which produces the best moral effects. His influence has been given to every cause that needed assistance, and he has inspired like sentiments and aims in many young minds.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Henry C. Work, author of the popular songs, "Kingdom Coming," "Marching Through Georgia," was born in Middletown, Connecticut, 1832. His family were of Scottish origin. His father left the East when Henry was a boy and settled in Illinois. He felt the artist's inspiration glowing within him in childhood. He made the best use of the few books he could find in his Western home. He returned to Connecticut and learned the trade of a printer. He studied music at the case, and became a newspaper poet. In 1875 he associated himself with Mr. Cady, of the firm of Root & Cady which had been ruined by the Chicago fire. He resides in New York.

His popular songs were for the most part originally published by Root & Cady. They were inspirations during the war, and the success of the Union cause owes as much to them as to the great orators of the time. "Marching Through Georgia" was a trumpet tune and helped the revival of patriotism when interest in the Union cause had somewhat lost its original force and fire. It was a song of the last grand efforts of the war.

The "Red White and Blue" is full of spirit, and Keller's "American Hymn" usually played on Boston Common on the morning of Independence days is truly noble. Of the

SOUTHERN WAR SONGS

We may name "Dixie," written by General Albert Pike, born in Massachusetts, and a student of Harvard College.

He became an adventurer in the Western wilds, and finally settled in Arkansas. Here he became an editor, and espoused the Southern cause, and enlisted a company of Cherokee Indians whom he led

into battle. He is a poet and has contributed to *Blackwood*.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

This song, perhaps one of the most refined and artistic of the war, was written by James R. Randall, who was born in Baltimore, New Year's day, 1839. He was educated in Georgetown College and removed to Louisiana. Hearing of the invasion of Maryland by the Union army, he wrote the song. It was published in Baltimore, and set to the music of a well-known German air, of the words of which Longfellow's "Hemlock Tree" is a translation.

America has made wonderful progress in the cultivation of a taste for classical music during the last ten years. In artistic music, American pupils are seeking the best. But the seeking for the best in a single direction has led to the neglect of the cultivation of the best music for moral and patriotic uses, the music that effects the national sentiments and the home affections. We have a school of musicians among us, who plead for the universality of art, with

America left out. Such speak lightly of any attempt to establish an American school of music, and are accustomed to characterize the efforts to express American life in song as "trash."

A popular American song rendered with the true artist's taste and feeling is seldom heard in our concert rooms, unless sung by a person like the late Parepa Rosa or by Nilsson. The example set by Jenny Lind to American vocalists has never been followed except by Adelaide Phillips, who was really great and true, and American in heart and spirit. A lack of the national spirit in music is, however, doubtless but transient. The times demand that America shall be great in music and art. The time is coming when American artists will neither find it necessary to go abroad for scenes to paint or songs to sing. The want will make the song and the singer.

The American poet has done his part of the work nobly and well. He has been true in his art to his own country. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Fields are all gloriously American. Take Longfellow's library of "Poems of Places," and you will see how loyal and great our poets have

been in their appreciation of our institutions, liberties, our hills, rivers, and valleys, our social and domestic life. The musician has not done his work so well, or rather it remains to be done.

It might be supposed that in some of our musical institutions a society would be formed for the study of American poetry and the development of American song. The concerts of such societies would command the respect of the best people, and might be the means of making the natural beauties of our scenery, the heroism of our history, and the spirit of our liberties better known to the world. Like the new societies for the planting of trees in towns, their influence could be but good. There are certain subjects of American life, certain legends, certain rivers, lakes, and mountains, certain days, all of which must sooner or later find a voice in song. Certain poems have been already written, and others must be written which will take the wings of music. There are phases of American life which in time must find expression in operas and cantatas. The time is coming when those who now sing of the Alpine horn, the vineyards of the Rhine, the blue Danube, the peasant customs

of the old lands, will find the beauties of their own land inspiring their tastes and demanding their efforts.

Of some of these subjects for song we purpose now to speak.

America has little patriotic music. The stirring poetic compositions known as her national songs are as we have said nearly all of them set to foreign airs. Even the music of "Yankee Doodle" is an old English version of "Chevy Chace." We have few patriotic songs that would bring tears to one's eyes under circumstances like those when the Scottish bagpipes played "The Campbells are Coming" and "Auld Lang Syne" at the relief of Lucknow. The soul of a native inspiration is, with a few exceptions, wanting in the music.

A new edition of the poems of Hon. George Lunt has recently appeared. If these poems lack anything in brilliancy of color, they have one rare and grand element—the forcible expression of patriotic sentiment and pride.

In 1835, nearly fifty years ago, Mr. Lunt wrote a poem for the second centennial anniversary of the

ancient town of Newbury. It was set to music which caught the spirit of the words, and it deserved a place among our best national songs.

Over the mountain wave,
See where they come ;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home.
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along
Deep-toned and free.
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come :
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home.

England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume.
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land,
Home far away.
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God.
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song:
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along.
Pilgrims and wanderers, etc.

Not theirs the glory-wreath
Torn by the blast:
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they past.
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along
Ever the same.
Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come:
Where the free dare to be,
This is our home.

This is an *American* song.

Russia, Sweden, and Denmark are rich in songs like this, songs whose wings grow in beauty and

strength with the centuries. Such songs are as the crown jewels of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Switzerland boasts that she has a *thousand* patriotic songs, and Bohemia has made a like claim. Of Germany, we need say nothing; we get most of our national music second-hand from her. When we wish to sing of the charms of a river, we choose the Rhine. The Rhine, like the mountains of Switzerland, has a thousand songs.

A national music with us is to be the creation of the future. A few songs have caught the spirit of our liberties; but America, like Switzerland, will one day have its thousand songs. The great artists who have visited us from abroad have indeed taught us the beauty of the songs of their own lands, and stimulated us to sing their songs; but they have inspired in us nothing original. Our composers have been perfectly willing to be mocking-birds; they have lacked the genius, originality, force, and patriotism, to express American life, heart, and thought.

America abounds in subjects that must formulate in song, when the true singers come. Among these are:—

1. *Early American history*, especially the romantic period of discovery. The dramatic story of Columbus and his companions has no expression in oratorio, opera or song. Vespuccius, the Cabots, Verazzani, Hudson, Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Champlain, Marquette, La Salle, are all unsung. The pioneers of the States have no songs. The theocracy of New England, the golden age of Pennsylvania, the romance of New Amsterdam have hardly inspired a bar of music.

Spain herself has songs in regard to America and the mariners who gave Castile the golden empires of the West. October 12, the day when Columbus saw the lights of St. Salvador, is celebrated in festivals, poetry and song. It deserves like recognition here.

2. *The moral struggle for emancipation*. With the exception of John Brown, no hero or episode of this struggle, one of the noblest expressions of altruism the world has witnessed, finds celebration in a trumpet note that will stir the hearts of those who shall engage in like efforts in future years. Gustavus Adolphus has a monument in song. So has William the Silent. So has Boyne Water. Our Lincoln, as we have before remarked, has none.

3. *Each of our noble rivers, lakes, and mountains* must have its song. All of them have their legends; many of them have found their poets, few have found their singers. Three rivers, Schuylkill, Juniata, and the Swanee, have gained a world-wide fame and reputation for beauty by light but inspirational songs. None of our mountains or lakes are known to music. The Susquehanna, which charmed the poet Campbell, has found no voice in music; nor the legendary valley of Wyoming, nor the glorious Shenandoah. Neither the Red River of the North nor the Red River of the South, with all their Indian and knightly romances, nor the musical Savannah, with its magnolia groves and mocking-birds, has touched the heart of any responsive singer. The Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas have no celebration in popular song.

4. *American customs.* From the days of Virgil and the Roman Saturnalia, all the European nations have celebrated the poetic occupations of rural life in song. The Feast of the Tabernacles among the Jews was an outburst of song. The wonderful One Hundred and Seventh Psalm was its oratorio. Our prairies have few or no songs, our harvest fields few. We have few

flower songs, fewer meadow songs. Our lumbermen, unlike the raftsmen of Germany, have no songs; our emigrants none, except the songs of emigration written by Charles Mackay. Our trades have no songs, our schools few; but our Sunday-schools lead the world in song. As poor as some of these latter songs are, they must number a thousand; and they have proved singing-birds of good influence in millions of homes.

5. *Our birds.* When the American singer wishes to celebrate the delights of the natural singers of the woods and air, he almost invariably selects for his subject the English skylark or the European nightingale. Whoever heard at a concert a song of a thrush, oriole, robin, or bluebird? Bryant wrote a most beautiful and music-inviting ballad on "Robert of Lincoln," but it has as yet found no popular interpretation in music.

The poets have done their work well in this field from Hannah F. Gould to Bryant. One of the loveliest songs ever written by an American is Wilson's "Bluebird." In Germany, such a song would have made the little warbler with the blue sky on his wing

immortal. The singers would have made it familiar to every nursery. It begins :—

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their nets to the shore,
The cloud-cleaving geese to the far lakes are steering ;

When first the lone butterfly flits on its wing,
When red grow the maples so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh, then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the seasons.

Wilson loved birds. It is said that his face was like a bird's face, and he desired to be buried at last where the birds might sing over him. His song deserves music. (See Irving's *Miscellanies*.)

American songs will at first come slowly, like the birds of spring. Amateurs will produce them : nearly all new musical thought and method come through amateurs. Old school physicians, theologians, and musicians are not very receptive to new methods and truth after the age of thirty. The new schools of music for centuries have sprung from young thought and effort.

There are many ways in which the development of national music can be promoted. Let musical societies be formed for the purpose of singing American songs and of setting American poems to music. When a good song distinctively American is sung at any concert, let those who have manly and patriotic feelings recognize the Americanism by courageous applause. Again, let our school music abound in songs of our own land.

As an illustration of the first-named method of promoting national music, we may cite a case to the point. A little society of pen-workers, called the "Anonymous Club," have been accustomed to meet at the Creighton House, Boston, from time to time, to consult socially about the topics of their profession. It was recently proposed by the Club to have an evening with old American songs, or, to use its own term, "forgotten American songs." The result was most interesting, and revealed the fact that there was a period of our history when more true songs were written than to-day.

XIV.—WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC IN AMERICA.

RICHARD WAGNER, the Shakespeare of music, and the founder of the new school of descriptive music, was born in Leipzig, in 1813.

A volume might be written to show the influence which early reading has had in determining the character and callings of great men's lives. One's favorite books in youth usually indicate the aim and efforts of one's career.

Shakespeare was the favorite book of Wagner's youth, and the reading and study of it colored his whole life. It stamped itself upon his susceptible nature. He resolved to become a poet.

The plays of Shakespeare which most impress the young, such as "Macbeth" and "King Lear," are founded on the legendary tales of Great Britain. The story of King Lear is related in the old Saxon chron-

icle, and from that source Shakespeare gathered some of his richest material for dramatic poetry.

Wagner's thoughts turned to the old chronicles and legendary poetry of Germany. In this weird and picturesque lore the *Nibelungen* very nearly corresponds to the stories of the old Saxon chronicle. Young Wagner saw in it the material for great poems, and he dreamed of noble works with the pen, and loved to live in the past, and to imagine gods to be men and men to be gods.

But his purpose was deflected. Music began to charm him. He came to regard it as the noblest art of man. Why might one not be a poet of music? Why might one not do in music what the great English bard had done in verse? Why might not the orchestra be made to express great tragedies and comedies? In brief, why might not music be made a *language*?

Wagner was educated at Dresden and Leipzig. He became a musician and began to compose music. In 1841 he went to Paris, and there wrote *Rienzi*. He returned to Germany, and in 1845 published *Tannhauser*. His politics caused him for a time to be exiled from Germany. He went to Switzerland,

and there composed *Lohengrin*. In 1865 he was invited to Munich by the young King of Bavaria who had become an admirer of his genius, and who gave him the full weight of his personal friendship and influence.

The dreams of his youth now began to form themselves into works of colossal scope and character. He composed a great operatic tetralogy, founded on the ancient legends of the Rhine. He composed his own librettos, and arranged the scenic effects for the production of this legendary Germany in music.

There is a little town in the North of Bavaria, called Baireuth. Here an immense edifice was erected in 1872 for the performance of his picturesque and declamatory compositions — an edifice worthy of heroic and historic themes. There were held those great musical summer festivals that explained Wagner's musical dreams and methods to the artists of the world.

The *Nibelungen-leid*, the *Æneid* of Germany, the ghost lore of the legendary ages of the Rhine, was composed by an unknown author or unknown authors, nearly a thousand years ago. It was the popular epic of Germany during the Middle Ages. The

Reformation obscured it. Wagner has turned it into music, and made of it pictorial spectacle and an heroic song.

This descriptive music, in which sound is made to interpret sense almost without melody, was at first very severely criticised in Germany. Gradually it grew in favor with artists, and it has now nearly supplanted the sentimental, melodious Italian school of overture, opera and song, with its fine airs, glowing romance and emotional and seductive melodies. The music of the head has taken the place of the music of the heart.

Wagner called his methods "the music of the future," and predicted that his works would find great appreciation in the New World. The prediction seems to be fulfilled at least for the time. Great Wagner concerts have been given in our principal cities, and nearly all programmes of classical music contain more or less selections from Wagner's works.

It is predicted by some musical writers that there will be a reaction against the new methods, and a return to the old Italian music of the emotions, that school being founded on the first principles of music,

which are to meet the needs of the heart. Be this as it may, the music of the emotions and of romance can never die, and melody can never grow obsolete.

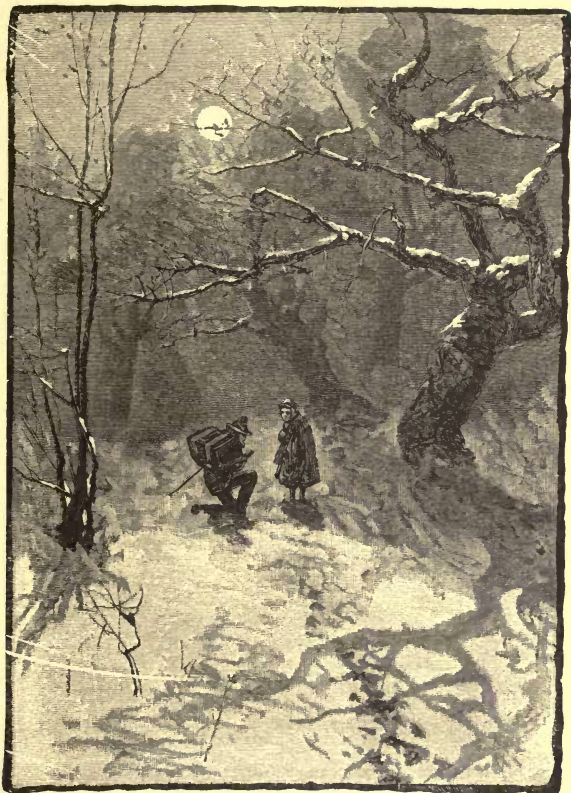
We may well hope that familiarity with the great aims and plans of Wagner, may serve as a school for the development of original works by our own composers. The early Indian and the colonial history of our country furnish themes for grand musical compositions as picturesque and romantic as the legendary lore of Germany, and offer to the manly and patriotic musician inspirations worthy of the noblest genius and the most heroic pen.

Let the young reader seek to be American in his musical aims, and let us repeat in closing — *Music is the art of youth.*

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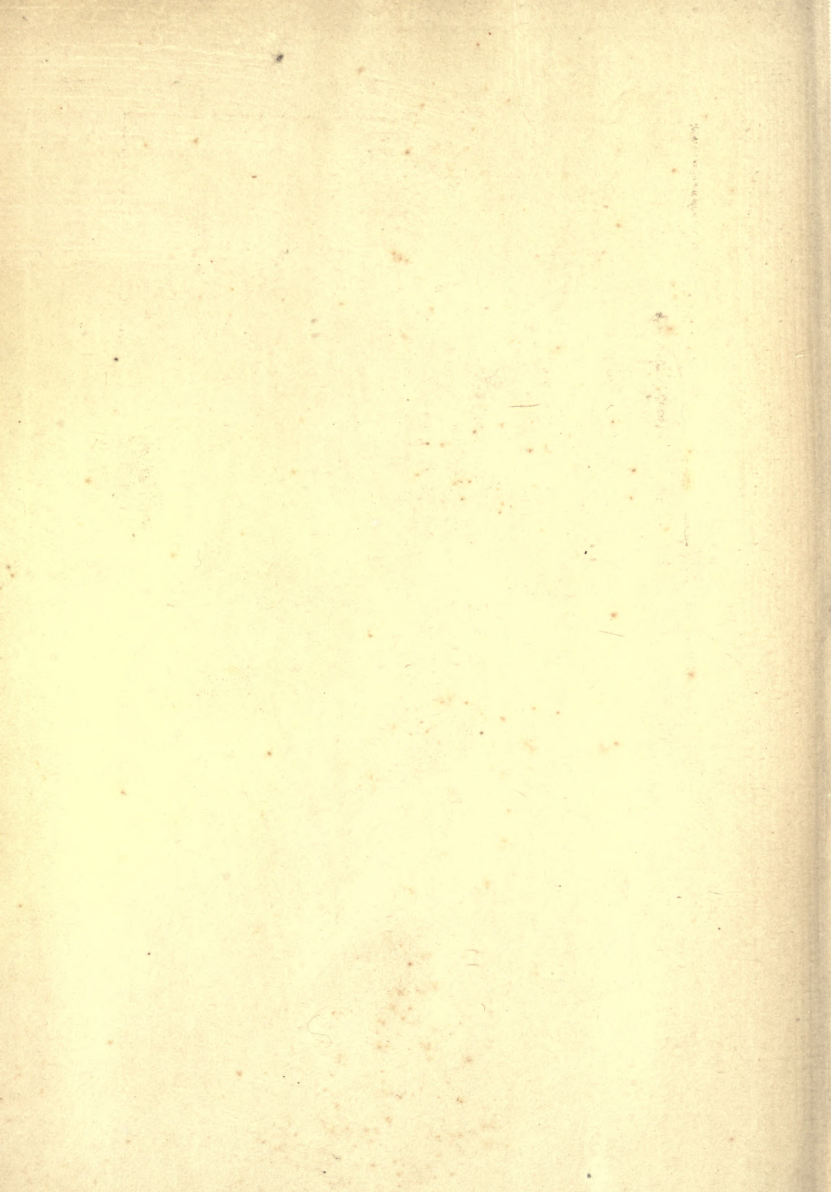


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